CHILDREN'S ALBUM

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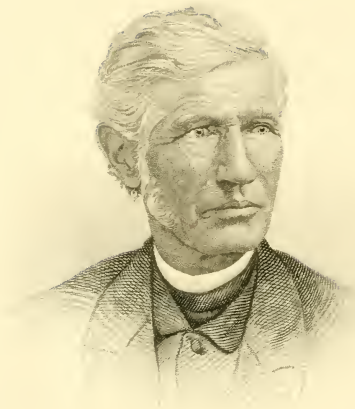

Tho' Chubbuck Eng.r Springfield, Mi

Asa Bullard.

THE

Children's Album

OF

Pictures and Stories,

ABRIDGED.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED
BY
ASA BULLARD.

W. J. HOLLAND & CO.
SPRINGFIELD AND BOSTON, MASS.; CLEVELAND, OHIO; CHICAGO, ILL.
1869.

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PREFACE.

THERE is scarcely an object more acceptable to children than an illustrated story-book. Even the "little ones," before they know a letter, can *read* the pictures; and they will be entertained, or will entertain themselves, for hours at a time, with such a book. Neither the pictures nor the stories ever weary. Such a book becomes the children's daily companion, till it is literally *worn out* with use.

Parents, and especially mothers, understand the value of such books; and there are few things they more eagerly seek for their children.

The author of this volume, during his many years of labor for and among the children, and his frequent intercourse with them in the thousands of families he has visited, has become deeply impressed with the powerful influence of illustrated story-books upon the young. That influence, of course, will be good, or otherwise, according to the character of the books. If the illustrations are grotesque caricatures, and the stories vulgar and silly, however much they may amuse the young, their influence must be injurious to their taste, if not to their moral feelings.

With this impression, the author prepared, a few years ago, a small book of choice stories and pictures entitled "LITTLE CRUMBS FOR LITTLE CHICK-

ENS," which was published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. It was intended, as its title indicates, *merely* for the very "little ones."

This book has been so eagerly sought for by mothers, and its influence found to be so happy upon their little ones, that the author has the more readily assented to the request of the publisher of the present volume to write and compile a larger work of the same general character, but designed for *all* the children. Such a book, it is hoped, THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM will be found.

That it may receive a welcome in every family in the land, affording a pure and healthful entertainment and useful instruction to all the young, is the sincere wish of "the children's friend,"

THE AUTHOR.

"SUNNYBANK," Cambridge, October, 1866.

THE

CHILDREN'S ALBUM.

THE YOUNG GARDENERS.

Little Bessie is quite a gardener. She is now helping old gardener Jenks arrange the flower-pots.

One day Bessie was in the garden with her little brothers. "Oh, what little seeds! Can it be that plants grow up from such little things as these?"

"Of course, they do," said Master Edward, as he

came along with a wheelbarrow full of rich, soft loam. "My flower-bed is full of them; and, when I have covered them up with this earth, they will begin to sprout, and at last grow up nearly as big as my head."

"Yes, Neddie," said little David, "you give them something to eat out of your wheelbarrow, and I will give them something to drink out of my water-pot; and they will grow up just as we do, Bessie."

"Do you know, children," said the old gardener, who was transplanting some choice slips near by, "that you are sowing just such little seeds all the time; and that they will grow up to be flowers, weeds, trees, and shrubs, after a while?

"Your garden is the world. When you do all you can to make others happy, you are planting the little seeds of kindness and love. When you do any unintentional mischief at home or at school, and frankly confess it, without any wicked attempt at concealment, you are planting the precious seeds of truth. When you give your money, or part of your food and clothing, to the poor and suffering, you are planting the seeds of generosity and mercy.

"When you pray to our Father in heaven, and seek to walk in the love of Christ, and to do, for his sake, what he would have you to do, you are planting the seeds of holiness.

"And these seeds will all grow up into the most beautiful flowers and delicious fruits in after-life,—ay, and throughout eternity."

HOW TO MAKE SUNSHINE.

"SUNSHINE! why, we have plenty of that every day," says a dear little friend at my side.

"Yes: we have plenty of it outside of us; and it is the most beautiful thing in the world, because it makes every thing beautiful that it looks upon.

"Did you ever think how beautiful and how useful the sunlight is; how it wraps the world in its bright mantle, till the earth's old heart grows warm

and young again, and the grass and flowers spring forth; how it wanders all over the world, into every nook and corner, with that same pleasant smile, till all the ice and snow melt away for very shame, and hide themselves in the ground; how it glances in the trees, and plays 'peep-bo' through the thick branches, till the little birds twitter and warble with delight in all their leafy nests?"

"But this is not telling about making sunshine; and, after all, I don't see the need of making it, if we could."

"No, surely, dear child; but it was of another sort of sunshine that I meant to tell you.

"Did you know that God has given to you a little world of your own, which you are to make as bright and beautiful and happy as the great world is made by the sunshine? Your own heart is the sun, and your home is the little world which you are to fill with happiness.

"If you always carry a heart full of sunshine with you, every thing will seem beautiful and bright; but, if your own heart gets clouded with impatience or discontent, you will find the pleasantest place on earth very dark and disagreeable.

"But can every one be happy that wishes it? Surely every one desires happiness; then why do so many fail in the attempt to gain it?

"Because they do not try in the right way. Our only way to be happy is the way in which God is so; and that is by *being good*, and doing good."

JOSEPH AND HIS BOAT.

HERE is Joseph, talking to his father, who is a sea-captain, about his little boat, which he is sailing upon the lake. He is making inquiries about the *ballast* he has often heard him mention when speaking of his ship. Their conversation, perhaps, was something like the following: —

"What is 'ballast,' father?"

"'Ballast,' my boy," replied his father, "is that which they put into a ship when she is empty, in order to weight her, and make her sail steadily.

Without ballast, she would be turned over by the high winds or heavy sea."

"And what do they use for ballast, papa?"

"In whatever port the ship may happen to be, the captain tries to get a cargo of goods which may be likely to sell well in the port the ship is going to; and, in that case, the cargo itself is ballast: but, when the captain can not get a cargo of goods, he is obliged to fill the hold, or bottom part of the ship, with stones or gravel, or any thing else that he can get, that may be heavy enough for the purpose.

"While you are speaking on this subject, Joseph, my thoughts go another way; and I am ready to say that I hope, as you go on your voyage, you will take care to carry ballast, and that of the right kind."

"I, father, carry ballast? Why, I am not a ship; nor yet am I going on a voyage, that I know of."

"No; but did you never hear of the 'voyage of life,' Joseph?"

"Oh, yes! I suppose you mean that this life is like a sea, and men and women are as the ships sailing on it."

"Yes, Joseph; and boys and girls too. I hope you have got ballast on board."

"Well, father, I can understand how I am like a ship on the sea of life. But what do you mean by my having ballast?"

"Knowledge, my boy,—knowledge is the ballast of the soul. Do you think you can get through the world without knowledge?"

"I suppose not, father, any better than a ship can cross the sea without ballast?"

"Just so. But take care that you take the right sort of ballast. Suppose, now, a ship should be laden with nothing heavier than straw. Do you think it would sail with safety?"

"Well, I suppose that, straw being so light, the ship would not be much safer than if it had nothing at all on board. But please tell me what you call a good cargo."

"Well, then, suppose you were to read nothing but light story-books; suppose you were to store your mind with no other knowledge than what you could gain from such books: would that be a good cargo for your ship?"

"I suppose, father, that would be like the cargo of straw. I should think that a good knowledge of English grammar, arithmetic, geography, and history, would be the best sort of cargo to load my ship with."

"A very good cargo, Joseph, but not all that would be wanted."

"Well, then, father, I suppose I may add geometry, natural history, and other sciences; also Latin, French, and Greek?"

"Very good. But, Joseph, your cargo would be wanting unless you had something that you have not yet mentioned. Where is your voyage on the sea of life to end?"

"In eternity, father."

"Yes, Joseph. And the Bible says, 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' Now you can tell me what knowledge will make your cargo complete. What is it?"

"The knowledge of Jesus Christ, father."

"Yes, my boy. Grammar and arithmetic, science and languages, are more or less necessary for your own comfort and usefulness on the voyage of life; but you will not have a successful voyage unless you have as ballast the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Where will you get it?"

"From the Bible, father."

"Yes, Joseph. That is 'able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"

POLITE CHILDREN.

It is particularly pleasing to meet with polite children. We like their soft "please," cordial "thank you," and hearty "yes, sir." We like to see them pick up mamma's gloves, hand papa's hat and stick, or slippers, as the little girl in the picture is doing, and jump to open the door for half-blind grandma, who is feeling with shaking hands after the knob.

Their politeness is perhaps the more agreeable, because we do not always expect it. We expect

grown people to be polite; and, when children are, we always notice it, and remember it with pleasure.

On a freezing day I entered a shop, shivering with cold; for, in my anxiety to keep baby warm, a pin in my shawl had escaped its fastening, and I wanted to replace it. But my pincushion was in my pocket, which was filled with toys and bonbons, and, with bundled-up baby, gloves, and cold fingers, was not to be got at.

There were only three little girls in the room, perhaps ten years old, sitting opposite to us; and as I drew my shawl closer around me, and moved a little nearer the glowing coal, thinking of the value of a bit of sharpened and headed wire, I saw the little girls pass a hand over the front part of their dresses, look at each other, and shake their heads. The next moment one of them stepped across and handed me a pin (she must have taken it from a needed place), saying in a very sweet tone, —

"Here is one, if you please."

"Thank you, dear," I cordially replied, accepting it; and, as she resumed her seat, the other little girls were equally pleased, for the same kindly motion swayed each little heart.

It was a very trifling act; but, whenever I recall the politeness of those little stranger-girls, I think of the beautiful definition that somebody gives to politeness. It is this: "*True politeness consists in doing the kindest thing in the very kindest way.*"

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

Does not every little boy and girl want something to love? You all have some little pet upon which you bestow your affections.

This little boy has a sled, or a kite, or a ship; and this little girl has a doll, or a tiny tea-set, or a paint-box, with which are spent hours of enjoyment.

But most children like to have some *live* object to love — something that can *return* their love. One finds such an object in a baby-brother or sister. Others have a pet lamb, or kitten, or rabbit, or bird, or dog, like the boy in the picture.

One little girl had her pet fishes in the lake, which, by her gentleness and love, she taught to come at her call and take crumbs from her hand, while they

would never approach a stranger. She loved her tamed fishes greatly. And what affection many a child has lavished on these various pets! And what affection have all these creatures learned to return!

A gentleman visited a House of Refuge in a Western city. As the great company of boys belonging to the Refuge came to the table for their dinner, he saw one little fellow take something from his pocket, and hold it over his bowl of soup. He found, by inquiring, that it was the boy's *pet mouse!* He wanted something to love; so he tamed a little mouse, which he kept in his crib or carried in his pocket! And such was his love to this curious pet, that he gave it its dinner before he eat his own!

As we all want something to *love*, let us not forget that dear Redeemer who is infinitely lovely, and who has so loved us that he has died for our good. All our love to him he will return a thousand fold.

TRUTH.

"Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No; let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way."

ENTICING TO EVIL.

The wise man says, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

To *entice*, here means, as most of our youngest readers know, to try to lead one to do wrong. Whenever one child tries to induce another to do any thing that is sinful, or in any way improper, that child is *enticing* the other. And in all such cases the exhortation is, "*Consent thou not.*"

Our fine picture gives us an example of *enticing to evil.* Here are two school-girls. We will call them

Sarah and Ellen. They are just out of school. You can see the low country schoolhouse back of them, near by. They have seated themselves under those large trees; and Ellen is on her knees, trying to coax Sarah to do something that is wrong. She is *enticing* her. Perhaps she is trying to get her to stay out of school, to run away from home, to go off with her berrying, or something of the kind.

She doesn't look like a *wicked* girl. But you can not always tell the state of the heart by the looks. *Satan* sometimes, when he wishes to entice people, puts on the appearance of an *angel of light.* He does it on purpose to deceive. So Ellen has put on that pleasant, winning countenance, that she may deceive Sarah, and more easily lead her to yield to her wishes.

Sarah seems to feel that all is not right. She looks down at her books, doubtful, and rather sad. Perhaps she *knows* that Ellen is enticing her to what is wrong, and she is questioning with herself whether she shall yield to her enticement.

Do you think she will yield? Will she forget all her kind mother's warnings and exhortations, and the wishes of her teacher, and disregard the reproving voice of her conscience, and yield? We shall have to leave her here, with her sad looks, undecided. But let us all *hope* she will remember the words of the wise man, and *consent not.*

Little friend, what would you do if in her place? Do you say, "*I* would not consent"?

Well, remember that when next *enticed* to evil.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT.

Two lads, standing by the ruins of an old building, were talking together.

"Would that be wrong, John?" said one.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"What do you *think?* Do you think it would be wrong?"

"I don't know," was the answer again.

"Well, I don't believe it would be, and I mean to do it."

"What is it, boys?" I inquired, just then coming up, having overheard their conversation. Both were silent.

"I do not care to know what you do not wish to tell; but whatever it is, boys, if there is doubt about its being right, don't *dare* to do it. Run no risk in such a matter. If you are not certain that you are on right ground, you may be certain that you ought to leave it. Keep yourself safe from wrong, whatever else you do. It is only the weak and foolish who will venture on uncertain ground.

"Learn a lesson from this story, which I heard long years ago. A gentleman, who wished to test the character of some men who had applied to him for employment as coachmen, took them to a narrow road which bordered on a high precipice, and inquired how near to the verge they could drive without danger. One named a few inches, another named still fewer. The gentleman shook his head. They tempted danger, instead of seeking safety. He could not risk his life with them.

"At last, another answered, 'I should drive as far from it as possible: it is dangerous. I should avoid it altogether, if I could.' He was employed. He could be trusted, for he valued safety, and was too wise to encounter needless peril.

"Have you learned the lesson to keep as far away from wrong as you can,—to shun the precipice of wrong? Do nothing which *may be* wrong,—nothing which you are not sure is right.

GEORGIE AND HIS TEACHER.

Georgie is a little boy of seven years. He is generally a good boy in school. But his conduct one day was such, that the teacher told him, if he repeated some offence, she should punish him. The offence was, by and by, repeated.

After the school was dismissed, the teacher took Georgie alone, and began to reprove him for his conduct.

"What would your mother say," inquired the teacher, "if she knew what you have been doing?"

"I haven't got any mother," said the poor boy, deeply affected: "yes, I have got a mother; but she is crazy, so that we keep her shut up. I am a good boy at home. I help my grandmother all I can,—bring in wood and get water for her. And, Miss Baker, I didn't *mean* to be a bad boy to-day."

Such was the frank and touching manner in which all this was said, that the teacher was overcome, and pressed the dear, weeping boy to her heart. Instead of punishing him, she gave him kind words and good advice, and sent him to his motherless home.

We have seen this boy; and any one could discover by his sweet and amiable countenance, that he is a loving, good child. Ever since this incident, the teacher and Georgie have shown great mutual affection. As he has no mother on whom to bestow his morning and evening caresses, he never enters or leaves the school, without giving his kind teacher an affectionate kiss. And, we are sure, he will not purposely do any thing to grieve that dear friend. How delightful would be the work of teaching little children, if all were as affectionate and loving as little Georgie!

MARY'S BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

"It is my birth-day, and how much I have to make me happy!" thought little Mary Lee, as she sat by the fire that morning. "I have a heavenly Father who lives in the sky, and can see me and take care of me when my papa can not. I have a Saviour who died for me on the cross, and who, by his Spirit, can take all that is naughty from my soul, and he will help me *always* to be good.

"I have a dear, kind, good papa, who prays for me, and gives me every thing I want. I have a mother, —

some children have not, — a dear, dear mother. Oh, what should I do without *her?* God made her well last summer when she was so sick. I know it was God; for the doctors could do no more for her, aunty said. I have Charlie and Henry, my twin-brothers, the best boys there ever were, — only Charlie sometimes troubles me; but mother says he does not mean any harm. And I have got a new slate, and nobody has a better teacher than I. And I have two eyes, — poor Sarah Davis is blind; and two hands and two feet, — William Stearns has to use a crutch, poor boy! And I have a soul; that is what my Kitty has not, or Rover, though uncle says it seems as if Rover knew as much as some people do."

So little Mary Lee counted her blessings over and over until her heart swelled with thankfulness, and she spoke aloud, —

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> That on my birth has smiled,
> And placed me in this Christian land,
> A free and happy child."

But this was not enough. She knelt down, and poured out her little heart in praise and gratitude to God, begging him to make her his own dear child.

It was here her mother found her, as she early arose to look in upon her little daughter. When Mary got up, she threw her arms around her mother's neck.

"O mother," she whispered, "I hope I am one of God's little lambs; and I do not want to be a *stray* lamb, *ever*."

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Among the trees, at morning, there sang a little bird,
And loud through all the woodland his cheerful voice was heard.
"O little bird, why sing you?"—"Because I'm free and gay:
I'm free, and I am happy, this merry month of May."

There came a cunning fowler, slow creeping through the glade,
And spread his hidden network beneath the green-wood shade.
"O little bird, why silent, that sang'st so loud of late?
Say, art thou so unhappy, within the wiry grate?"

"My joyful songs are ended; I sang when I was free;
But lo! I am a captive: no singing now for me."
"'Who is this little birdie? and who the fowler, too?'
You ask me, child, to tell you. My child, I spoke of you.

"While innocence and candor within your heart can stay,
You're happy; oh, so happy! like any bird in May.
SIN is the cunning fowler goes creeping through the fields
To catch you in his network; and woe to him that yields.

"A thousand fetters hold him; from peace he soon must part,
And lose that chief of blessings, a grateful, quiet heart.
Then must he weep and suffer, like yon poor captive there;
So think of this, dear children, and oh, of SIN beware!"

"MAKE HAY WHILST THE SUN SHINES."

Old Mr. Johnston, the gardener, is pointing this young lad who sits there lazily against his old-fashioned wheelbarrow to the busy scene yonder in the hayfield, and telling him the importance of "making hay whilst the sun shines."

"No doubt many of our readers have enjoyed a good game of play in the hay-field. Perhaps you have rolled over the cocks, or smothered each other in the sweet, fresh hay, or twisted up birds' nests,

or had a thousand other bits of fun in the hay-field. But, whilst you were amusing yourselves, the farmer and his men were very busy. They watched the bright sun come out, and they said, "Now is the time for getting in our hay." They worked early and late, and scarcely allowed themselves time to eat their meals.

Now, why were they so diligent? Why did they work so hard? It was because they knew the bright sun would not last for ever. They knew the clouds might soon spread over the sky, and the rain might begin to fall; and then their hay would be spoiled. Therefore they were so active and busy, remembering the old proverb which says, "Make hay whilst the sun shines."

Now, dear children, can we learn any thing from the hay-field and the hay-makers? I think they teach us this great lesson,—to be making sure of heaven whilst we have health and opportunities for doing so. Now, whilst you are young, kind friends take pains with you: they teach you about God; they beg you to love Jesus; they ask you to go to him to get your sins washed away, and your soul quite safe. You may not always have this good advice; you may not always have the opportunities you now enjoy. Sickness may come upon you, and you may be unable to think about these things; or death may come upon you. Therefore be like the prudent hay-makers: make sure of these things whilst God gives you time and opportunity.

SISTERLY KINDNESS.

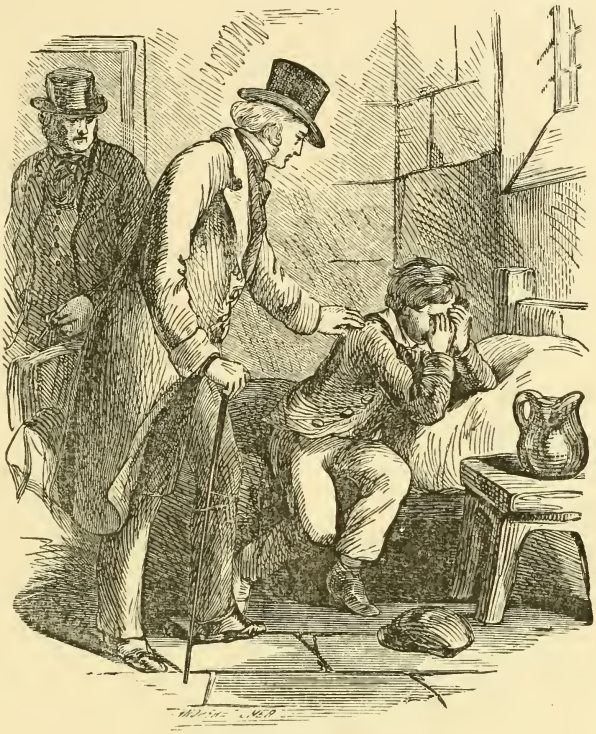
I WAS sitting in a lady's dining-room, not long ago, when two little girls were preparing to go out and spend the day with some friends. The elder of the two, named Emily, had a packet of sweets in her pocket, with which to increase the pleasure of the day. Presently I heard her say, —

"Please, mamma, may I leave a few sugar-plums for dear Jamie?" Mamma's answer was, "Yes, my

dear;" and the sweets were carefully wrapped up, and left at home for her little brother, who was too young to accompany his sisters on their visit, and who was having his morning's rest in bed.

Don't you think that Jamie would be very much pleased when he saw the paper of sweet-meats, and found that Emily had left them for him? I do; and I have no doubt that the little girl would enjoy her visit much more than if she had forgotten her brother, and taken all the nice things with her to entertain her young friends.

Do *you*, dear children, think of little brother or sister, as Emily did? She did not say, "I wish Jamie had some sweets;" or, "Mamma, will you give brother a few?" or, "If I have any left when I get home, I will give him a few;" but she said, "Please, mamma, may I *leave* some sweets for Jamie?" And they *were* left; so that while she was enjoying herself with her companions, Jamie had something to please him at home. It is in this way that I want *you* always to think of brother and sister.



BOY IN PRISON.

How sad to find a little boy like this in prison! He is in great distress, but his sorrow comes too late. And, perhaps, it is not so much that he has done wrong, that causes him to weep, as that he has been detected in his wrong-doing, and must now be punished for it.

How he must feel to have his good minister come in, and find him in such a place! Oh, the way of transgressors is hard!

Do little boys and girls think of that, when they are tempted to do wrong? The *first* little wrong act must be avoided, for one wrong leads on to another and another.

If our readers feel pity for this poor little boy in prison, let his fate be a warning to them not to enter the path of evil. Pray that God will not "lead you into temptation;" that is, will not suffer you *to be led* into circumstances where you will be enticed to sin. God never tempts us to evil. You must not imitate the foolish fly that is dazzled and allured by the shining light of the lamp into the destroying flame; but you must keep away from temptations, however alluring.

"Ah! thou lost, unwary thing,
Fluttering with a tortured wing,
Crying with thy little feet
Scorched amid surrounding heat, —
Poor, unhappy, suffering fly,
What a painful death to die!

If thou think'st the untaught flies
For their errors so unwise,
Let this insect's fall be hence
From temptation thy defence.
On thy heart a picture stamp
Of the fly about the lamp."

A NOBLE REVENGE.

"I WILL have my revenge on him," said Harry Merton, rushing into the room where his mother was seated, reading.

"What is the matter, Henry? Come and sit down by me, and tell me your trouble," said his mother.

"Well, mother, Mr. Seagrove, to our great surprise, gave it out in the schoolroom that he would give a present to the first boy who could do cor-

rectly the sum in arithmetic he was about to give out.

"We all quickly placed ourselves at our desks, with slate before us. Leary came and sat by me, and most unhandsomely copied the sum—every figure—from my slate, and then cruelly and spitefully rubbed out mine by passing his elbow over my slate, and immediately presented his to Mr. S., who praised him for having so quickly and correctly done the sum. He, of course, gained the present: it ought, in justice, to have been mine. How I hated him, at the time, for his meanness! But soon I remembered, dear mother, the words you so often repeat to me, 'Return good for evil, my child,' and I asked God to enable me to do so in this case. So, dear mother, will you let me ask Leary to tea another day? He does so wish to see the ship I made swim on the pond, and has asked me more than once if I would make him one the same."

The next half-holiday Leary spent with Harry, and right merry were they. "Leary," said Harry, "I will give you my ship: you wish for it, and I can make another."

Leary was astonished at this after the meanness of his conduct to Harry. Tears coursed down his cheeks: he held out his hand to Harry, saying,—

"You generous boy; you have, indeed, taught me the noble lesson of returning 'good for evil.'"

From that hour arose a friendship between the schoolboys which death alone can sever.

EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.

The butterfly is used as an emblem of the *resurrection*. Our bodies will be laid in the grave, as the chrysalis is entombed and insensible in its thick encasement; but in the resurrection our bodies will burst from the dust and sleep of the grave, like the butterfly from its entombment, and arise to immortality. May our immortality be one of joy and blessedness in heaven!

HOW TO STOP A QUARREL.

If knowledge is power, so also is kindness. There is weight and influence in kind words and kind deeds. An angry man went to a neighbor's house to pick a quarrel: he was invited to eat some peas; and, finding no opposition, he soon left. After a while he came again, and the good woman went out and offered him a piece of pie. It was kindly done and kindly meant, and so there was no quarrel. The remedy is simple, and it is worth a thought by those who may be similarly tempted. An angry man is for the time without reason; passion rules; and it is better to treat him kindly than to attempt to reason, or even to reply to his hard words. Treat him kindly; and, if he will not be pacified, let him have all the talking to himself, and he will soon get tired and ashamed, and leave you. Possess your soul in patience; never contend; never give a harsh word. Be kind and forbearing, my dear readers, and you will have no quarrels; for "*yielding* pacifieth great offenses."

If thou dost seek for pleasure,
Oh, do not idly roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home — sweet home!

THE ELDER BROTHER.

In a family there were two boys. One was named Fred, the other Harry. Harry, the younger, was a good boy; and every one who knew him expected that he would grow up a holy and a useful man. Fred was very wild and wicked, often disobeyed his father, and did things that grieved his friends. One day he had been very disobedient, and had been sent to his room. His father would neither see him, nor speak to him; and Harry, sorry to see him in such

disgrace, went into his room. Tears of pity were in his eyes as he said to his brother,—

"O Fred, Fred! why will you be so very foolish?"

Fred looked at him with a sullen look upon his face, and said, "I don't care!"

Harry talked kindly to him, however; and, after a little while, Fred said, —

"It is no use. Father will never forgive me!"

"Ask him," said Harry. "I dare not," was replied.

"Do, now; go and tell him you are sorry for what you have done, and beg his forgiveness," said Harry.

"No," said Fred in a sad, hopeless tone.

"I *am* sorry; but I could not find words to say so to father: and, besides, I do not think he would forgive me now, whatever I might say."

"Well, then, let me ask him," said Harry.

"Ah, if you would! Father will listen to you!"

So the two boys went togther to their father's room, Harry stepping in first, boldly and happily.

"Father, I come to tell you that Fred is very sorry for what he has done, and asks you to forgive him."

The father looked up, and said, "Could you not come yourself, Fred?"

"Oh, no!" said Harry, "he was so sorry and ashamed that he dared not; and I persuaded him to let me ask you to forgive him for my sake."

Then the father opened his loving arms, and the guilty boy fell sobbing upon his breast.

"Now," said the father, "for your brother's sake, be a good boy in time to come."

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

One afternoon a boy saw a person drop his purse. He picked it up, and put it in his pocket, and was walking off with it. "What am I going to do?" came into his mind; and the answer followed, "I am going away with a purse of money that does not belong to me. This is not honest: I shall be a thief if I do so. God has said, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

In another moment, he ran after the person, and gave up the purse.

"What am I going to do?" asked a boy who took his fishing-tackle instead of his books, and was steal-

ing out the back door of his father's house. "I am going to play truant, deceive my parents, neglect my school, and go in the company of bad boys."

The case looked a bad one. He turned about, put away his fishing-tackle, found his satchel, and ran off to school.

These boys were saved from much evil by stopping to think. Solomon says, "Ponder the path of thy feet."

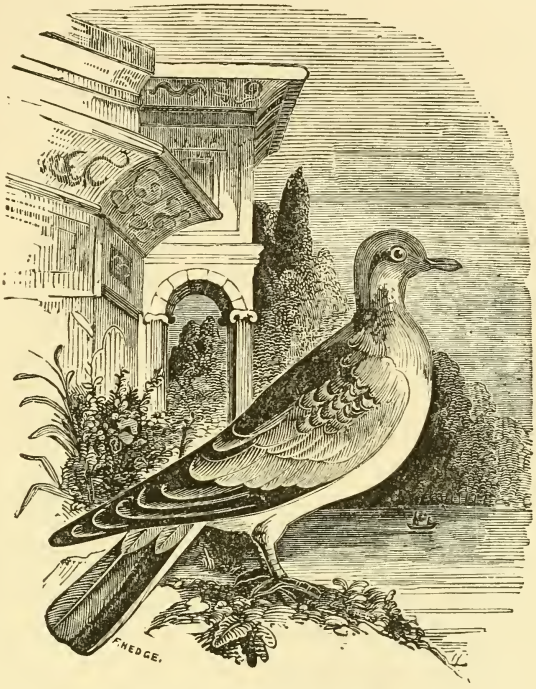
CHILD'S HYMN.

How bright is the sun!
  How fine is the day!
The winter, I know,
  Has quite passed away.

This is beautiful summer,
  With birds and green trees:
Oh! is not God kind
  To give us all these?

And though for one gift
  I never can pay,
Yet this I can do,—
  To him I can pray,

That for his Son's sake,
  Who loves such as I,
He'll teach me to live,
  And fit me to die.



THE SICK DOVE.

HERE is a beautiful incident about a sick dove.

The other day, a dove walked deliberately into a book-store in Boston, half way up to the desk, and said, as plainly as a dove can say,—

"I am *sick*. I can not fly; and I am afraid the horses will run over me, or that some bad boy will fire a stone at me: will you please take care of me?"

A young man in the store immediately took the little suppliant up. He showed no appearance of fear,

but seemed to understand that where the friends of *Sabbath schools* and the children are, he would of course be safe.

Dovey's throat was found to be swollen, and he had lost the use of his wings. He was carried into a lower room, and refreshed with water, and placed where he could remain quiet and in safety. For several days he was fed and nursed and petted by his new friends, all of which attentions he received with apparent pleasure and gratitude, and without any indications of fear.

As soon as he had recovered so as to use his wings and fly about the room, he became less willing to be taken up and petted; and by and by he began to utter the dove-language of remonstrance at any such familiarity. He was then carried up to the front door, and offered his liberty, which he immediately accepted, and took his flight.

Now, young friends, is not this a singular and beautiful little incident? There was, probably, danger that a poor, sick dove, unable to fly, would get injured in the streets of the city, by the horses that are constantly passing, but especially by some cruel-hearted boy. We fear there are some such in our city, and perhaps some, also, in the country. And cruel-hearted indeed must any one be, who would injure such a beautiful, harmless creature, that should enter his door *so* confidingly, and, in a manner so touching, implore help.

HOW TO BE GOOD INSIDE.

"MAMMA," said a little girl one day, as they were walking among the wild flowers,—"mamma, won't you tell me how I can be good inside?"

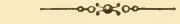
"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"Why, I mean I don't have right feelings in my heart. Papa calls me a good girl, so does aunty, and most everybody; but I'm *not* good at all."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said Kitty; "but I know my heart is very wicked. Why, mamma, when I was dressed to ride yesterday, and the carriage came to the door, you remember papa said there was no room for me. Well, I went into the house, and, when you came back, aunty told you I had been very good about it. But she didn't know. I didn't say any thing to her; but I went up stairs, and, though I didn't cry, *I thought very wicked things.* O mamma, won't you tell me *how I* can *be good inside?*"

Now, there are a great many children, and grown people too, who are like Kitty. They keep their lips from *saying* bad things, but they can't keep their hearts from thinking and feeling what is bad. If we want to be *good inside,* we must get our hearts changed. None but Jesus can do this. He says, "A new heart will I give them, and a new spirit will I put within them." Make the fountain pure, then will the streams which flow from it be pure also



When alone, guard your thoughts;
When in the family, guard your temper;
When in company, guard your words.

ANGEL CHILDREN.

Two darling little children
  Came to my mind one day,
Who once were with us, long ago,
  And then were called away.
They now are angel-children:
  Before the great white throne,
They sing the praises of their God,
  Who took them for his own.

One, black-eyed little Nannie,
  So full of life and glee,
So merry-hearted all day long,
  And gay as gay could be.

Three happy years, she lived on earth;
And now, above the sky,
Among the angel-children, she
Now soars and sings on high.

And Nellie, — little treasure,
With eyes of tender blue,
And silken curls so shining bright,
And lips of rosy hue, —
Close, close beside dear Nannie,
Her little grave was made;
And green the broad-leaved prairie-grass
Over their heads doth wave.

And now two little angels
Seem right before my eyes,
Looking upon me from their home
Of glory in the skies.
No sickness now, nor crying,
Nor grief, nor any pain:
Safe! safe! oh, who would call them back
To live on earth again?

Thank God for little children
Who need such tender care:
The Saviour calls them, "Come to me;
My own the children are."
Thank God for angel-children,
Bidding us look above,
And listen to the heavenly choirs
Singing redeeming love.

"IT'S DREADFUL TO GROW OLD."

LIZZIE is twenty-one to-day! She feels sad about it and says, —

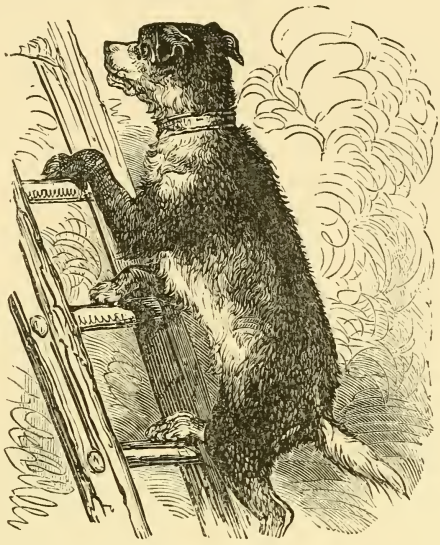
"It's dreadful to grow old."

See: she has gone to her room, and seated by her writing-desk, and leaning upon her hand, she is thinking to herself, "*How fast* my years have flown away, and I am now twenty-one!" And, while she thinks, there seems to appear a shadowy hand holding the *emblem* of time, — an hour-glass with wings, — and another hand pointing to the running sands of life.

Those sands began to run at Lizzie's birth, and for twenty-one years they have not ceased to run for a single moment! Thus they will continue till the last sand has fallen; and she knows not how soon that

will be. She looks sad, and she feels so too, at the solemn thought.

But why should Lizzie feel sad at "growing old"? She has, this last year, as she hopes, been *born again;* so that she is, in fact, only a *babe* in Christ, — not yet a year old. She may, indeed, feel sad to think of the *twenty years* of her life that are *lost.* But suppose she was twenty-one years old as a Christian: why should she feel sad? This world is not *her home.* She is here a stranger and a pilgrim, on a *journey* to a better country. "She is homeward bound;" and why should she be sad that she is so *near* her journey's end, — her Father's house, — and can so soon say, "I'm home at last?" Let Lizzie and all our readers remember, "*That* life is *long* that answers life's great end." Let none of us waste a moment of our precious time, as it flies so swiftly away, in vain regrets, in sad thoughts that our sands are running so fast, and we are "growing old"; but let us be all the more diligent to make our remaining years *longer,* by crowding every moment with deeds of benevolence, and labors of piety and love.



BOB, THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

One of the most *useful* dogs we have ever seen or heard of is "Bob," the fireman's dog. Whenever the fire-bell rings, there is no one in a greater hurry to be "off" than Bob. The noble animal runs before the engine, and clears the way. Arrived at the scene of the fire, no one is more ready to "obey orders" than Bob. He will run up ladders, jump through windows, and enter dangerous rooms, more quickly than any of the firemen!

Some time ago Bob did a noble act for which his name deserves to be long and honorably remembered. A house was on fire: the flames were spreading rapidly, and threatened soon to bring the building to

the ground. Bob darted into the burning house, and in a few moments was seen coming out with a poor cat in his mouth! He carried pussy very carefully, and gently dropped her in a place of safety. We think many of our little readers will be disposed to clap their hands, and shout, "Well done, brave Bobby! thank you for saving pussy from being burned to death!"

Again a house was on fire, and Bob was there as usual. The firemen thought that *all* the inmates had been got out of the house. Bob, however, knew better. He kept barking and scratching at a small door. The firemen ordered Bob to "hold his noise, and get away." Although usually a very obedient dog (we wish that all our readers had as good a character for obedience), yet Bob barked more loudly than ever, and *seemed* almost to say, "Be quick; *do* open this door!" The firemen were afraid that if this door was opened, it might make the fire burn more rapidly; but, as Bob was so very boisterous, one of the firemen said, "There's some reason why Bob makes this ado; let's break open the door!" The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child, who, but for Bob, might have been burned to death!

SURPRISE FOR ELLEN.

Any one might know that here is a company of boarding-school misses.

Miss Ellen, who appears to be a very sedate and thoughtful girl, has retired to her room to spend a leisure hour in reading. But half a dozen of her schoolmates have sought her out, and here they are exciting her wonder about some important *news* they

have to tell. How intently they all watch her thoughtful countenance as they withhold the news, and tell her to *guess!*

Perhaps Ellen's sedateness may have something to do with that peculiar feeling some are apt to have when they first go from home to school. And these gay schoolmates may be amusing themselves at her expense. But they bring her a very pleasant surprise, — *letters* from home! Ah! that *is* pleasant to one that is feeling a little *homesick.*

Reader, do you ever feel dissatisfied with your home? Are you ever inclined to complain of its restraints, and to think lightly of its comforts and privileges, and of its dear inmates? A term at a boarding-school or an academy, fifty miles from home, and among entire strangers, would have a wonderful influence on such feelings. A thousand resolutions you would make, in one week, never again to grieve your parents or complain of your home, if you could only see them once more.

Many do not know what a home they have, and what privileges they enjoy, and how tender and endearing are the affections of parents, brothers, and sisters, till they are deprived of them. Some learn this lesson only by the most painful bereavements.

We hope none of our readers will have to learn it in that way.

SWEET VIOLETS.

Maria had been gathering flowers with her schoolfellows, one morning in spring. On her return to the house, she asked her parents, "Why are people so fond of violets? There are many pretty pieces of poetry about them, and every one is glad to see them. Why is it so?"

Mother. Because it is one of the earliest flowers in spring, when winter is over. Every one is glad to see what they have been long waiting for.

Father. And pleasant things and little attentions

are always most welcome when they are done readily and promptly.

Maria. The violet is called a very humble, modest flower.

Moth. Yes; because it grows in a low, retired situation, almost hidden by its leaves, known only by its sweet smell.

Father. Yet it is known and valued as much as any other plant.

Maria. Why are these pretty flowers among the first to come out?

Mother. They show children that they must begin early to do right, if they wish hereafter to bear much fruit.

Father. And children who are humble and modest are the most likely to be useful when they grow up. "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."

Maria. Look at this full-blown violet; that dew-drop seems to weigh it down as if it would break it.

Mother. It sparkles like a pearl. Very soon the sun will come out, and it will evaporate, and the scent of the flower will be still sweeter and stronger.

Father. It grows under the thorny hedge, but not so high as that the thorns will destroy it; no, they only shelter it from cold and stormy weather. God watches over the humble violet.

Mother. How pleasant it is to think of God's goodness, displayed even to humble things! And the lowly in their own eyes are objects of his special regard.

"WORST PIECE IN THE MIDDLE."

When Mary had a new dress, her mother used to say to her, "Go down stairs, Mary, and show it to your grandmother."

Mary would go down into her grandmother's room, and say, "Grandmother, mother told me to come down, and ask you how you liked my new dress."

Her grandmother always laid down her knitting, and lifted up her spectacles, and looked all over the dress, while little Mary stood as straight as she could; and then she always used to say, "It is a very nice

dress, child; tell your mother that the worst piece is in the middle."

Mary knew that meant her, because she was in the middle of the dress; but she never quite knew why her grandmother used to call her the worst piece.

Do our young readers think that little Mary's are the *only* dresses where "the *worst piece* is in the middle"? What do you say about it, little girl? Your *dress* never had wicked thoughts, never committed any sin. Can that be said of "the piece in the middle"? Alas, how often has God seen there evil thoughts, feelings, and passions!

And what do you say about it, little boy inside that new jacket? Don't you think "the worst piece is in the middle"? Does that little heart inside always beat warmly with love and gratitude to "our Father which art in heaven," and the spirit of obedience to parents, and kindness to all? The new dress, or the new jacket, never does any thing right or wrong: it never commits sin, for it has no mind or soul. By and by it will wax old, and turn back to dust, just as our *bodies* will; but "that piece in the middle" of the dress, and inside of the body — oh! that will never die; it will live on and on after the sun and the stars are blotted out.

A TIGER STORY.

Lucy and Fanny were two little girls who lived in London. When Lucy was eight and Fanny six years old, their Uncle George came home from India. This was a great joy to them: he was so kind, and

had so much to tell them about far-away places, and strange people and animals, and things such as they had never seen.

One day their cousins Jane and Nellie came to visit them. After dinner, Uncle George went out to take a walk with them. They came to a large tree, and all sat down to rest, when Lucy said, —

"O uncle, do tell us a *tiger* story!"

"Very well," said he, "I will tell you a story about a tiger and a baby, which happened to some friends of my own. This gentleman and lady had one sweet little baby, and they had to take a very long journey with it, through a wild part of India. There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country where there is no rain; but then there are no doors or windows to shut as we do at night, to make all safe.

"One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said, —

"'Oh! I feel so afraid to-night: I can not tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the wood; and what if they should come out upon us?' Her husband replied, —

"'My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep watch, and you need have no fear; and we must put our trust in God.'

"So the lady kissed her baby, and put it into its cradle; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed God to keep them from every danger.

"In the middle of the night, the lady started up with a loud cry, —

"'O my baby, my baby! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains, and ran away with my child!'

"And, when she looked into the cradle, the baby was not there! Oh! you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and there in the moonlight they saw a great animal moving toward the wood, with something white in his mouth. They wakened all the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could; and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had laid down, and was playing with the baby just as pussy does with a mouse before

she kills it. The baby was not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord for help; and then one of the men took up his gun, and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling as if it were not at all afraid.

"You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterward, the parents gave thanks to God. It was he who made the mother dream, and awake just at the right minute, and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes so as not to hurt it, and the man fire so as to shoot the tiger, and not the child."

THE ORPHAN'S TEXT.

"I AM glad I went to Sabbath school; for there I learned the sweetest verse in the Bible," said a poor little orphan. "It was this: 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;' and I know it is true," she said.

The little orphan was right. God does care for the forsaken child. But, to enjoy that care when trouble comes, every child should make God his guide at once. Here is God's question to every child, "Wilt thou not, *from this time*, cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?"

DANGEROUS AMUSEMENT.

Ah, children! this is a very unsafe amusement for you. It looks smart, to be sure, for a little fellow like this to take his sister into a boat, and have a sail. Never did the captain of a merchant-ship feel his importance more than Johnnie now does his, as, with his oar, he pushes his big boat out into the clear water, while his sister Susy holds on to the flag that is to float in the breeze.

We can not quite see how extensive the *lake* or *ocean* is, on which he proposes to sail, nor how deep the water on which he has launched. But, unless it is a very small and shallow body of water, it would

not be strange, if, in a few moments, they find themselves in perils from which they would be glad to escape. If there is a current there, they will find themselves borne rapidly away toward the sea. If a sudden flaw or gust of wind should strike them, they may both be thrown into the water, and soon sink to rise no more.

Let our *young* readers beware how they seek their amusements around or upon the water, unless some older person is with them. Why should they endanger their precious young lives, and by their folly cut short their days, and bring their affectionate parents down, broken-hearted, to their graves? Seek such amusements as are safe. It is true, children are liable to accident and death anywhere, and they should always be ready to meet whatever God shall see fit to send; but, in some places, dangers are greater than in others, and children in their plays should seek the safest places, and the safest kinds of recreation. And Johnnie and Susy, we think, have chosen a very unsafe amusement in a very unsafe place.

THE LITTLE BIT OF BLUE SKY.

One of the happiest persons I have ever seen in my life was a little girl. I think it a privilege ever to have known that child. And yet there was nothing wonderful about her. She was neither rich nor noble nor beautiful. Some little girls I know would, perhaps, have despised her; for she wore plain, old-fashioned clothes, and could neither play on the piano, nor draw, nor talk French. Her parents were not rich enough to have her taught those things. But nobody laughed at her when they once knew her. No

cloud of discontent or peevishness ever crossed her brow.

Her friends called her "that little bit of blue sky;" and indeed it was a very good name for her. You know how the sky looks when you gaze up into it a hot summer's day, — so peaceful and sweet and calm.

Once a sad accident happened to little Margaret; for that was her name. She fell down-stairs, and injured herself so sadly, that for months she had to lie on the sofa, unable almost to move. All through the bright summer days she lay there: she could hear the joyful voices of other children amusing themselves in the fields, but no murmuring word or impatient look ever escaped her. The sky was still all blue.

Sometimes, when her head was aching badly, one of her little brothers would run in, and beg for a story; or her sister begged her to explain her sum to her; or her father came in, and wanted her to read the paper to him. And all this she did so sweetly and good-temperedly, that it was beautiful to see. Every one came to her when they wanted help or comfort; and, though only a little girl, she could always give it.

And now, are you too, dear young reader, like a little bit of blue sky? Some children are like the sky when it is covered with stormy, dark clouds. I hope you are not one of those.

"IN HIGH CLOVER."

THESE children are surely in "high clover." You know, perhaps, when a cow gets into fine feed, — when she jumps over the fence into the mowing field, — we say, "she is in high clover." And so we use that expression when a person is surrounded by special favors or enjoying special advantages.

Well, are not these children thus situated? Look at their picture-books: the floor is covered with them, and there is a fine large picture framed, and hung upon the wall of the room. They are having a capital time.

But let us see what sort of pictures interest them so much. We hope they are useful and instructive, as well as interesting. The picture they are now all looking at so intently, and talking about, seems to be a shepherd with a lamb in his arms. Ah, yes! and there is a reference, right over the top of it, to Isa. xl. 11; so it is a Bible picture-book, and it must be a good one. Let us look at the reference. Here it is: —

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

Mary is telling them that it means the GOOD SHEPHERD, Jesus Christ; and she is pointing to the picture on the wall, where these words of the prophet are fulfilled, and the blessed Saviour, the Good Shepherd, is gathering the lambs with his arm. See them, the dear children, all running to his kind arms. How beautiful it is!

"NOTHING TO COMPLAIN OF."

So said old Mrs. M'Alpin to a group of young girls, who, glowing with health and happiness, had called to see how she was, on their way from school. "Nothing to complain of," though the almost sightless eyes which were raised towards them as she answered their question saw nothing but dim outlines in the room, and met not their sympathizing glances.

"Nothing to complain of!" girls, did you hear that?

And did you think there was once a time when she gazed with delight on the trees and flowers, on the bright sunshine and starlight? Did you remember that she was now shut out from all these, and that darkness and light were now alike to her?

Are you sorry for her? and would you gently lead her out, where she might at least feel the cool breeze on her cheek, and the pleasant sunshine on her head? Ask her to go, and she will cheerfully point you to her staff on which she supports herself to her bed at night, and to her corner in the morning: but that is all; and yet she has "nothing to complain of."

Ask her of the friends she loved, and she will tell you of one and another, of husband and children, of friends and companions, who have one after another gone down to the grave, until she stands alone. And yet she adds, "I have nothing to complain of."

She has one comfort which never fails her. Mary never forgets, when she returns from school, to read to her grandmother a chapter from the good book. But Mrs. M'Alpin's happiness is not dependent even upon what little Mary can do for her. Shall I tell you why? It is because she loves God, who makes all things work together for her good.

HOW MARY HELPED HER MOTHER.

Mary Hodge was a good girl. When her mother was not well she always took care of the younger children. There were four little ones besides Mary, who was thirteen.

Their father was a mason, and had good wages; but one sad day he fell down from a high wall he was building, and broke his leg

"Oh! what shall I do?" said Mrs. Hodge; "he will be ill for a long time, and who will work for my poor children?"

"Don't cry, mother," said Mary: "I will try and do something."

"What can you do, dear?" said her mother, sadly.

"Mother," said Mary, "Miss Lee, who lives at the big house, will give me something to do, I'm sure, for she is always kind to me."

The next day, Mary, with a beating heart, walked towards the Hall. She met Miss Lee, who asked her what made her look so sad.

"Please, ma'am," said Mary, curtseying, "father's broke his leg, and I want to do something to help mother to pay the doctor." Miss Lee thought a moment, and then said, —

"If you work in this small garden, which is mine, for a week, I will give you twenty-five cents a day. It is a good deal for a little girl, but I am glad to see you anxious to help your parents."

Mary went in the morning, and worked all day, very diligently, till the evening, when she went home, and helped her mother to put the little ones to bed. In this way, Mary earned a dollar and a half. Besides this, Miss Lee was so pleased with her, that she continued to give her something to do till her father got well.

Now, dear children, you whose parents have been so kind to you, take a leaf out of Mary's book: always behave well and kindly to your parents; try to help them when they are in trouble or sickness, and remember that the blessing of God rests on those who "honor their father and mother."

THE YOUNG FRIENDS.

What a pleasant thing it is to have a friend! A real friend, and a kind friend, and a friend whom we love, is a great blessing.

We must love something. To be all alone, with nobody to speak to and nobody to love, must be very, very uncomfortable. We can not wonder much that a person under such circumstances should, like this young woman in the picture, make a friend of a little dog, or a cat, or even try to make friends with a spider, a mouse, or a rat, as we are told in history that some poor prisoners have done.

A young child is generally frank and open-hearted, and quick to make friends with those of his own age.

Let two such children be brought together, who never saw each other before, and, in a few minutes, they will often become as friendly as though they had known one another for a long time. And they will be sure to have a great influence upon each other, either for good or for evil. "Even a child," says Solomon, "is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." And a child, if he has room for choice, may be known also by the company he keeps. Observe two children who are fond of each other's company, and always together when they can be. If one is disobedient, rude, or idle, the other is surely not much better. If one is gentle, obliging, fond of books, and willing to improve, the other is likely to become so too. And if both are thus inclined, how much they may help one another! One, perhaps, is more quick in learning, and the other more patient and persevering. By being much together, they do each other good, and each gains a portion of the other's good qualities.

Boys and girls, when their minds begin to be earnestly engaged about the great concerns of religion, often find it hard to tell their parents or their teachers all that is in their hearts. If they could do so, as the boy in the picture, as he brings a beautiful bouquet to his dear mother, is doing, it would give great joy to their pious parents or teachers; but, when they can not do this, it is well to have a friend of nearly their own age, to whom they can speak freely of these things.

Sometimes this may be done better in writing than in words. It is a good plan, and is attended with many advantages, for two young persons to write serious letters to each other, expressing their first thoughts on religious subjects, their hopes, fears, desires. It helps to fix these things more deeply in the mind, and to increase their knowledge of the Holy

Scriptures; and it tends greatly to strengthen their purpose to serve the Lord.

Youthful reader, have you such a young friend? If you have, be thankful, and take care to improve the advantage. Behave kindly towards your friend, and be very slow to take offence. Try yourself to be foremost in proposing and in practising what is right and good. And if, at any time, your young friend is in danger of falling into any temptation, seek, by earnest persuasion, to draw him from it. Thus you will be a blessing to your friend; and your friend, in his turn, may in the same way become a blessing to you.

THE SOLDIER AND THE TIGER.

A SOLDIER in India was one day sitting in a garden, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of a large tiger. The animal stopped, and, for a moment, seemed doubtful about making an attack on the motionless person before him. Uttering a short growl, he crouched down, and was in the very act of springing upon the man, when the latter, taking off his cap, and putting it before his face, roared in it as loudly as he could. The noise so much surprised the tiger, that he turned round, and, leaping into the neighboring thicket, disappeared.

The soldier's presence of mind in the time of danger saved his life.

STUDYING GEOGRAPHY.

This mother is aiding her little Freddy in his lesson in his Pictorial Geography. She is pointing out the different places on the map, and on that large globe. And Albert is examining the pictures of the birds and animals in the different countries.

What a delightful study geography is! How wonderful does it show our world to be! This round globe on which we live is full of wonders. What a rich field of study does it afford. Its high mountains,

mighty swelling oceans, its rapid rivers, its beautiful trees and flowers, its wonderful animals and birds!

What an interesting occupation it is for the young to examine their maps and books about the various countries, and find out the curious customs and languages of the different nations and tribes! Knowledge like this will, at the present day, help our boys and girls to get good situations in life. To every one of our young readers we would say, "Gain a knowledge of geography in your early days!"

We hope all our readers will learn to study their lessons for the Sabbath school just as thoroughly as they do those for the public school. They never *read* the answer to questions in geography from their maps. They repeat them from memory. To gain knowledge of geography or of Scripture, there must be *study*.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

Sarah had a dear, kind mother, who loved her very much, and did all in her power to make her happy. One cold day, her mother desired her to go up stairs, and bring her something which she needed for her work. Instead of getting up quickly, and going for it pleasantly, she said petulantly, "Oh, I don't want to go! Can't Ellen go?"

"No, my dear, I wish you to get it," said her mother gently.

"I have to do every thing!" said Sarah, slamming the door behind her, and stamping up the stairs. Her mother called her back; and she opened the door, saying crossly, "What do you want?" Her mother told her to shut the door easily, and to walk up stairs quietly; adding, while her mild blue eyes filled with tears, "Soon my Sarah will have no mother; then she will be sorry for this behavior." Sarah went off, muttering to herself, "No danger of her dying; she only says that to frighten me." Ah, poor child! She forgot to honor her mother.

Weeks passed on. Sarah's mother was taken sick; and in a few months she died. Then *that afternoon's behavior* rushed upon Sarah's mind with terrible force, and she wished within herself,—

"Oh, that my dear, dear mother could come back a little while, that I might tell her how sorry I am, and show her how good I can be!" But it was too late then: she was sorry, as her mother told her she would be; but her mother was gone to heaven, and her voice would never again be heard in prayer for her children.

There the poor children are, in the picture. They have been gathering flowers for their mother's grave; and, as they sit down to talk about her, Sarah's heart is almost broken, as she recalls her wicked conduct.

O children! if you would be saved from such bitter grief, remember to honor your parents while God spares them to you.

HE NEEDS THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Did you ever see a little urchin that more needed the influence of school? Look at him. His hair hasn't been combed for a month. His clothes,— only look at them! — they must have belonged to some grandfather: the lower half of the legs have been worn into tatters, and they are twice too big for him.

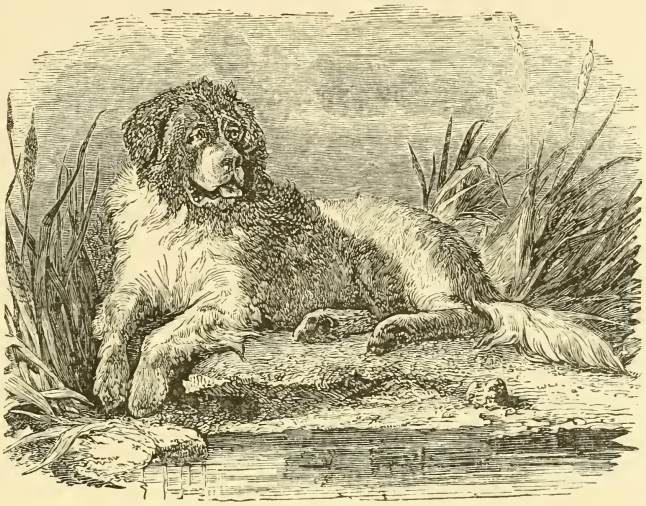
But the uncombed hair, unwashed face and hands, and the tattered clothes, are not the worst of it. The rogue has been *stealing* that poor woman's cherries!

What a scolding she is giving the frightened culprit, as she points to the cherries she has made him pull out of his pockets, and throw upon the floor! How he stares into her face as he crowds his fist into his mouth!

Well, perhaps this little ragged fellow is, after all, to be pitied as well as to be blamed. What better could you expect of a poor, half-starved child of drunken parents? Dear reader, with such parents would *you* have been any better? Perhaps not.

Instead of blaming such children too much, let us pity them, and try to bring them into the Sabbath school, — the great *cure-all*, with God's blessing, for all such evils. How many children have been washed and clothed, and reformed and blessed, by this institution! The Sabbath school would soon change this frizzled-headed, ragged urchin, so that his own mother would not know him; and, if he is accustomed to see himself in the glass, he would hardly know himself. He would think he was altogether another boy. Then do not let rags and filth deter you in your heavenly work of "gathering them in."

Run and tell that poor woman, too, that the Sabbath school will do more to save her cherries than a week's scolding, or a half a dozen policemen.



UNCLE EDWARD'S DOG.

We were on a visit to Uncle Edward, — we three, Mary and Fanny and I. There we met some cousins of ours, regular good playfellows; and a pleasant time we had, I can tell you. And, talking of playfellows, I may say Monarch was the merriest amongst them.

Of course you don't know who I mean by Monarch, so I will tell you. Monarch was Uncle Edward's dog, — a dog with so fine a head, and so fine a coat, and such fine eyes, that my opinion is, no other dog could equal him.

But there I am wrong; for uncle told us that Zampa was quite as fine a dog, and that when — but that's the story; and, without I tell you why the story was told, you will not see its point, or "application," as uncle said, as we did when he told it.

Well, then, you must know my sister Fanny is very much afraid of dogs. I am not afraid of dogs myself in a general way; though two summers ago one did send his teeth into my knee, and left his mark for five or six weeks afterwards. However, he was a kind of over-grown terrier, or something of that sort. But, as I said before, my sister Fanny is afraid of dogs altogether, including old Monarch himself; and, when our four-footed playfellow made towards her once or twice, she screamed, and made a terrible piece of work. So uncle asked her about it at tea-time; and she said she could not help it, she did not like dogs, she thought they would bite her; and, very much to our surprise, uncle said he thought the same.

"O uncle!" said I, "you don't really mean that you are afraid of Monarch?"

"No," he said, "I don't; but once I thought the same as Fanny thinks; and nothing in the world frightened me so much as the sight of a dog's face, or the sound of a dog's bark."

"How strange!" said I.

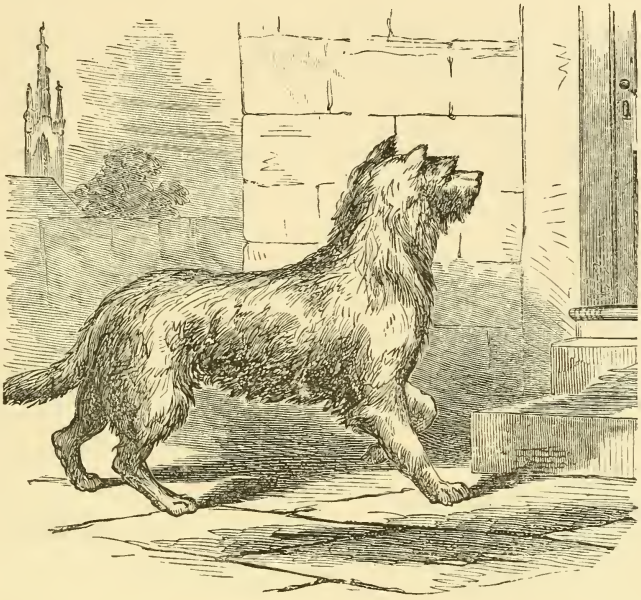
"Not at all," said he.

"Well, then," Fanny suggested, "if uncle was afraid, why mightn't I be afraid?"

"Ah! why not?" said my uncle.

"Because," said I, — and then hesitated, not being exactly prepared with a reason; but, as all eyes were turned towards me, I ventured to say, "because it is foolish."

There was a little murmur of disapprobation, for



my remark seemed to hint that uncle was not as wise as he might be; but uncle interfered, and said I was quite right: it was foolish to be afraid of harmless dogs, and worse than foolish to dislike them, as he had done when he was a child; and, if we liked, he would tell us all about it. Of course we were all anxious to hear, and so he began.

"When I was a child, we had a dog called Zampa. My father, who was a seafaring man, had brought him as a present for my mother, from foreign parts. He was a fine dog, like Monarch, a fine, handsome fellow" —

As my uncle made this remark, I distinctly saw

Monarch, who was lying beside him, lift the lids of his two brown eyes, and look out grandly, as much as to say, "I am the fine, handsome fellow to which reference is made."

"Zampa and I ought to have been excellent friends; but I could not touch him, would not look at him, ran away from him, begged that he might be chained up, did all I could to induce my mother to part with him — because — I don't know why, but because I was foolish.

"I was sitting on my mother's knee one day, half asleep, when suddenly I felt something cold and wet against my hand. I started with fear, and saw old Zampa looking up at me, with his nose close against me. I screamed out, 'O mamma, mamma, drive away the wicked dog. I know he means to bite me; and then I shall go mad, and die!'

"My mother said, 'The dog, my dear, will do you no harm. I am sure he is fond of you, and very faithful to us all; but if you behave badly to him, in the way you are now doing, he will certainly grow to dislike you in time.' I cried bitterly, and refused to be comforted; I declared that the dog looked savage at me; and at length a servant was called, and Zampa was banished the room.

"When I was a little quieted, my mother began to talk to me about my foolish antipathy. She told me many affecting stories about the good services which dogs had rendered to their owners; how they were sent out by the monks of a monastery in the ice-moun-

tains in Switzerland to seek poor travelers who had lost their way in the snow, and how many lives they had thus been the means of preserving. She related many curious and interesting stories, all likely, had I not been very foolish, to allay my fears, and win my love for Zampa: but I felt that I could not like him; and two or three days later, when the same incident occurred again, and Zampa touched me, I struck at him with all my strength, and the poor fellow gave a low whine, as if he was sorry, and went away from the room.

"From that time Zampa seemed to avoid me just as much as I avoided him. I could wander freely in the garden and field without any fear of his company. He turned away when he saw me; and I felt very glad of it, though my mother said I ought to be sorry; and old Blossom, the gardener, said it was not the right

thing, and he hoped young master and Zampa would be better friends.

"One day I strayed away out of the garden into the field, out of the field into the lane, down the lane into the shrubbery by the river-side. A steep bank descended from the shrubbery to the water's edge; and as I sat looking at the prospect, enjoying the idea that I was alone, I noticed some wild flowers a few inches below me. Their brilliant colors attracted my attention, and I was resolved to gather them; so I leaned over for that purpose, and, unfortunately for myself, overbalanced and fell. I shall never forget that fall: every thing around me seemed to shoot upward; and then I saw nothing but the cloudless sky; then I caught frantically at some blades of grass which broke in my hand; then I felt a sudden plunge deep down into the river. I thought I saw my mother; I was sure I heard her voice. I had disobeyed her command; this was the dreadful penalty: I must drown, and die; and God was angry with me!

"Suddenly something seized hold of me. I could not tell what it was,—perhaps, I thought, a great fish, that would swallow me up: it seemed to drag me through the water, then on to the dry ground; then I put out my hand and looked, and there was Zampa opening his huge mouth, and uttering such a terrible howl that I almost doubted whether he was my friend or enemy. I don't know what happened next. I heard afterwards that Zampa's howl brought Blossom and my maid to the river; that I was taken home

quite unconscious, wrapped in hot blankets, and attended to in the way usual with half-drowned people. At all events, I recovered. I remember the first thing I saw, — it was my mother's face; and I remember that close beside her was Zampa; and, when I had kissed my mother, I put out my hand and touched Zampa, and Zampa licked my hand; and he and I were ever afterwards the best of friends.

"Well, children," said uncle, "that was how I overcame my antipathy to dogs; and I am pretty sure that even Fanny would have loved old Zampa had he done for her what he did for me."

"I think," said Fanny, "I could love Monarch for Zampa's sake."

"Excellent!" my uncle answered. "Here, Monarch, old boy, a lady desires to make your acquaintance."

Monarch stood up, and put his nose in Fanny's hand. Then it was we all observed his collar, which we had never taken particular notice of before: it bore the inscription, "A Faithful Friend." The truth occurred to us at once: two or three of us asked, —

"Is this Zampa's collar?"

"Yes," said my uncle. "A week after my narrow escape, I broke open my money-box, by my mother's leave, and with the sum it contained bought that collar, and gave it to my faithful friend. I allow Monarch to wear it now, because it well describes his own good qualities, and because it keeps alive in my memory the good services of old Zampa."

WHY EVERYBODY IS CROSS.

"O Mary!" said a little boy named John to his sister, "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass; and, when I look through it, every thing looks red too. The trees, the houses, the green grass, your face, and every thing is red."

"It is very beautiful," Mary replied: "would you like me to tell you how to learn a useful lesson from it? You remember the other day you thought everybody very cross with you. Now, you were like this piece of glass, which makes every thing red *because it is red.* You were cross, so you thought everybody about you cross too. If you are in good humor, and kind to every one, all will seem kind to you. Try if they will not."

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

"See how it *rains, rains, rains,*" said little Mary Jellis, as she gazed from the window, longing to see the shower cease, and the sun shine out bright and clear again.

"O mamma! it will *never* stop, and I do *hate* rainy weather." Just then a bird, whose nest hung from a tree not far off, broke out in one of his sweetest strains, and Mary listened wonderingly.

"Hark, daughter, hear what the bird says," said her

good mamma, who observed the fixed attention of her little one.

"Why, it only *sings*," answered Mary.

"Yes; but while you are fretting and whining in this nice, large room, with all your playthings around you, and doll waiting to be dressed, birdy sings from the dripping bushes as though he would like to remind you that '*God makes the rain fall!*' See how his throat swells."

Mary looked up to the bough, and, sure enough, there he was, warbling merrily; and, when his song ceased, she said it was because she had quit murmuring at the weather.

The next day, Anna Grey came over to spend the day with her friend; and, while they played together on the green grass, Anna suddenly laid by her doll, and ran towards the house.

"Why do you go away?" cried Mary, surprised at her sudden freak.

"Oh! it is so *hot*, we can't play out of doors. I do wish the sun would go under a cloud, and *stay* there a good bit."

"Why, hear that little bird in the bush," answered Mary, laughing in her sleeves, as she remembered her rainy-day lesson. "Well, what of it?"

Why it says, "*God makes the sun shine;*" and Mary forthwith related her experience with the bird. From that day to this, Mary and Anna are content with either rain or sunshine: they recollect *the lesson of the birds*.

A CHILD'S WISHES.

"I WISH I were a little bird,
To fly so far and high,
And sail along the golden clouds,
And through the azure sky.
I'd be the first to see the sun
Up from the ocean spring;
And, ere it touch'd the glittering spire,
His ray should gild my wing.

"Above the hills I'd watch him still,
Far down the crimson west,
And sing to him my evening song,
Ere yet I sought my rest.
And many a land I then could see,
As hill and plain I crossed,
Nor fear through all the pathless sky,
That I should e'er be lost.

"I'd fly where, round the olive-bough,
The vine its tendrils weaves;
And shelter from the moonbeams seek
Among the myrtle leaves.
Now, if I climb the highest hill,
How little can I see!
Oh, had I but a pair of wings,
How happy should I be!"

REPLY.

"Wings cannot soar above the sky,
As thou, *in thought*, canst do;
Nor can the veiling clouds confine
Thy mental eye's keen view.
Not to the sun dost thou chant forth
Thy simple evening hymn:
Thou praisest Him before whose smile
The noonday sun grows dim."

"TRUST IN GOD."

"MOTHER, what did the Psalmist mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God! for in thee do I put my trust?'"

"Do you remember the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods last week?"

"Oh, yes, mother: wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"Yes. She stopped a minute, as if she did not like to go over, and then looked up in her father's face, and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take care of me, father dear; I don't feel afraid when you take hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

"I think David felt like that little girl when he wrote the words which you have just read."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one in the woods; but he had come to some place of difficulty in his life: and, when he was in any trouble, he looked up to God, just as the little girl did to her father, and said, 'Preserve me, O God!' It is the same as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid if you take hold of my hand.'"

"O mother, how beautiful! But God did not really take hold of David's hand, and lead him through the trouble."

"No; but God loves his children who trust in him — who feel safe in his care — just as the father did his little daughter; and, though he does not take hold of their hand, he knows how to make them feel as peaceful and easy as if he did."

"Mother, can I be one of God's children?"

"Yes, my dear. If you love him, and trust him, and try to please him, he will call you his own, and lead you all your life, and make you very happy."

"Will there be any bridges in my life? — I mean,

shall I have troubles? Now I have not any, have I? I have not to look up to God, and ask him to take care of me."

"You must not think great troubles are the only ones we have to meet with. You will have many small troubles, and will need to look to your heavenly Father to take care of you through them."

"What troubles do you think I shall have, mother?"

You had one this morning. Sarah was unkind to

you, when you were in the grove, and you were sadly grieved."

"Could I go to God with such troubles?"

"Yes, my dear: you can tell him, just as you would me, all your unhappiness, and ask him to comfort you."

"Mother, I am glad we read that psalm this morning. I think I love God better already, and I hope I shall always trust him."

"I hope you will; and, if you begin when you are young, you will learn better and better about him, and be far happier than those who have no such friend to go to in trouble."

"Why! can not everybody go to God with their wants?"

"Certainly, if they will; but a great many people never tell him their troubles, — never ask him to forgive them, nor to take care of them. They did not begin in their childhood, and it is difficult to learn these trusts when we are old."

"Oh! I hope I shall learn it now, while you can help me, mother."

"God alone can help you, my child. Ask him to teach you to trust him."

LETTER FROM SISTER.

Yes, a letter from sister! Do you not remember what joy in the dear home-circle the arrival of a letter from the absent one always produces? Father and mother, brothers and sisters, all assemble, and eagerly read the words from the darling who is far away.

Such a scene we seem to have in the picture. Louisa is absent at school. The mail has just arrived; and George has returned with her letter, that is expected regularly every Saturday noon. And the

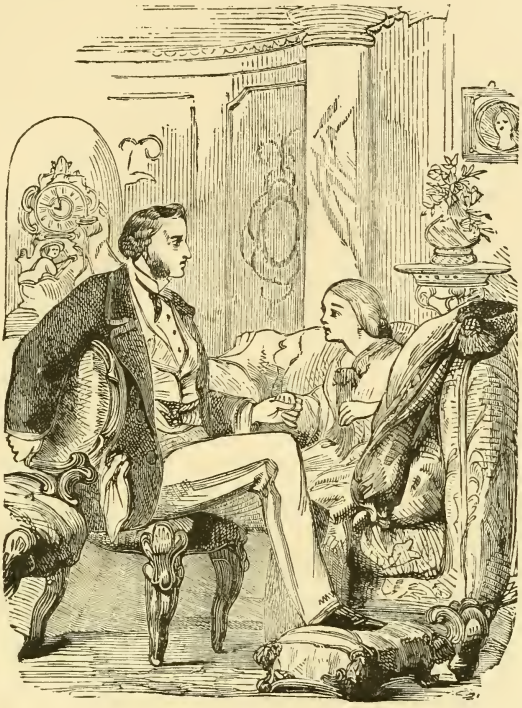
whole family have gathered to hear the news. Julia has run in, with the dish in hand from which she was feeding her chickens, to hear the letter from her dear sister.

It is well, now and then, to have an absent one, from whom we can receive these epistles of love. Absence from home a few months makes one feel the value of home blessing and friendships, and serves wonderfully to endear to us parents, brothers, and sisters. And don't let any forget, that by and by some dear one may be called on that journey from which there will be no return, and from whom no letters of love will be received. Kindness and love will help to sweeten the bitterness of such separations.

TO A FOREST FERN.

Lowly, tender little thing;
Yet beneath thy spreading wing
An insect may be fed.
I look on thee with humble awe:
Thou hast fulfilled thy Maker's law;
Ah, 'tis not so with me!

For sin hath spread its funeral pall
Around, within, nay, over all,
Nor leaves one feeling free.
Its poison doth my soul pervade,
As winter scathes the brilliant shade
Of thy leaves fresh and green.



VISITING A SICK SCHOLAR.

Emily has been very sick. Many days she was confined to a bed of weakness and pain. All this she bore with great patience.

But Emily had one great trial. It was to be deprived of her dear Sabbath school. And it *was* hard, when every Sabbath-day the bell called her young associates to that loved spot, to be wholly resigned. She would lie there, and think of her kind teacher and her classmates, till the tears would come.

But Emily had one great comfort during her long sickness. It was the frequent visits her teacher made to her sick-room. She always hailed those visits with joy; and his kind words and fervent prayers for her filled her heart with peace and happiness.

In the picture, Emily is represented, as she grew better, sitting bolstered up in the easy-chair, listening to the pleasant conversation of her teacher. See *how* eagerly she drinks in every word that drops from his lips! Her sickness, together with her teacher's instructions when he has visited her, have been greatly blessed and sanctified to her, so that she loves the Saviour more than she ever did before. She never wearies hearing her teacher tell of him.

How pleasant the visits of a teacher are to a sick scholar! If my young friends are ever sick, be sure to invite your teachers to visit you. They will delight to hasten to you at such a time, and do all they can for your relief and comfort.

RIGHT.

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind, with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with, "O Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?"

Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied, "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

LITTLE ALICE'S RESOLUTION.

Little Alice arose one bright morning just as the sun was peering through the white curtains of her little chamber, and, after offering a simple morning prayer, she said, "I will see if I can not do good to some one this day. I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something;" and, with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining-room just as the bell rang for family worship.

When breakfast was ready, the baby cried, and would not sit on the carpet as usual and amuse himself. Mother looked weary, and it was evident that she had a bad headache.

"Please let me take Willie, mother," said Alice. "I would rather wait, and I know he would be quiet with me."

"I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alie. Poor little fellow!"

Alice borrowed Frank's drum and wagon, and played with baby on the carpet. She then took a bowl of nice bread and milk, and sat baby on the sofa and fed him; and thus the meal-time passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast: the thought of helping her dear mother was a hundred times more satisfaction. The influence of a good example is often contagious; and, after breakfast, the usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

It more than repaid all Alice's trouble, to hear her mother say, "Dear Alie, you have helped me very much this morning; and your little brother will feel much better for a good sleep."

Just then her grandmother entered, walking feebly, as she felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to her side, and assisted her to cross the room, where her easy chair was, near the fire.

"I will warm your shawl for you, grandmother, and then bring you in your toast and tea, as soon as Margaret makes them," she said cheerfully.

"Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them; my appetite is very poor to-day."

"Just try a little," she said, as she passed out into the kitchen. She returned presently with a nicely-laid tray; and, placing it before her, she poured out a cup of fragrant tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old woman's heart warmed as she listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish she did not anticipate, and her wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

And thus she passed her day, going about the house with a sunny face, which delighted and did good to every one around her. Not even the old cat and the chickens were forgotten. When she went to rest that night, her heart was full of sunshine; and, with a thankful spirit, she renewed her good resolution for the coming day. Who of my little readers will form the same, and then carry it out as faithfully as did little Alice?

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

More than thirty years ago, a godly minister, illustrating the efficacy of prayer, related the case of a little boy with a sore hand, which had become so bad that the physician decided it must be amputated to save the boy's life. The day was fixed for the operation. On hearing this, the little boy went to a retired spot in the garden, fell on his knees, and begged God, for Jesus' sake, to save his poor hand. The next day the physician came and examined the hand, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be so much better that amputation was unnecessary. The hand got well again; the little boy grew to be a man. "And," continued the minister, holding up his right hand, "this unworthy hand can now be shown to you as a monument of prayer answered through divine mercy."

HARRY'S SERMON.

"EDDIE," said Harry, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people."

So Harry led him away. He took a book, and, as they went, began to look for a text. They went to a retired place in the woods, and got on to a large log for a pulpit, and thus began: —

"My text is a very short and easy one: '*Be Kind.*' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon: —

"*Firstly,* Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise

when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"*Secondly*, Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"*Thirdly*, Be kind to baby."

"You have left out, Be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry; "I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie; and let her have your red soldier to play with, when she wants it.

"*Fourthly*, Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said,—

"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People must not talk in church," said Harry.

"*Fifthly*, Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing."

And, without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began to sing; and so Harry had to stop: but it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?

BLIND MAN IN DANGER.

THERE is an open trap-door? How careless to leave such a place of danger unguarded! One step more, and this poor blind man would have fallen into that dark hole, and probably been killed. Look at his danger! He is perfectly unconscious of the frightful pit before him. Will he take that one fatal step?

No, no; he is safe. A dear little girl has seen his peril, and hastened, as a guardian angel, to save him. She has seized him, and uttered her warning just in time to prevent his dreadful fall.

Will not that poor blind man always be thankful to this dear child? But for her, he must have perished.

Daily will he speak her praise, and pray for blessings on her head.

But, youthful reader, is there not one to whom *you* are indebted for a more wonderful deliverance? Sin has opened before you a deeper and a darker pit, and it is yawning to swallow you up. At an infinite sacrifice the blessed Saviour comes to your rescue. He offers you safety. Will you accept the offer, and live? Has this poor blind man occasion to be thankful to his young deliverer? What thanks, then, do *you* owe that Saviour for your deliverance from a more fearful doom!

Conscience and the Bible are ever ready to act the part of this dear little child, to warn you of danger. Listen, then, to that small voice within you, that would guard you against every sin, and search the Scriptures daily; and they will lead you in a path where there are no pit-falls, but where all is safety and peace.

CONTENTMENT.

A GENTLEMAN meeting with a shepherd, one misty morning, inquired, "What kind of weather do you think it will be?"

"It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather pleaseth me." On being asked to explain his meaning, he replied, "It will be what weather pleaseth God, and what weather pleaseth God pleaseth me."

UNKINDNESS TO THE POOR.

"PLEASE, ma'am, may I have a piece of bread?" whined a meager, thinly-clad little girl, as she knocked at the kitchen-door of a comfortable mansion, one cold December afternoon.

"No, you shan't! Off with you, and don't come here again troubling, you little good-for-nothing!" said Bridget, the cook, who had opened the door for the little girl.

"Oh, I am so cold! May I just warm my hands one minute?" persisted the child.

"Off with you, I say, quick! and don't you come here again, or I'll get ye sent to the poorhouse, if I can, where the likes of ye ought to be," shrieked the angry cook.

"Oh! I wish I was there. Maybe they have a fire there, and something to eat. What shall I do? What shall I do?" soliloquized the child, as she turned despairingly from the door. "If I am ever a woman," she continued, "and live in a nice warm kitchen, I'll let the poor beggar children come in and warm 'em."

And so ought Bridget to have done. It is true that we are often deceived by those who come to beg at our doors; but we need not be cross and cruel to them, as Bridget was. We certainly ought to allow them to hold their aching fingers for a few moments to our warm fire, and give them bread when they are hungry.

How many beautiful accounts are published, at the present day, of beggar children, who, by kindness and God's blessing, have been reclaimed from their ignorance and poverty and sin, and made *ornaments* in society, and benefactors of mankind! They learn to "let the poor beggar children come in to their nice warm house and warm 'em."

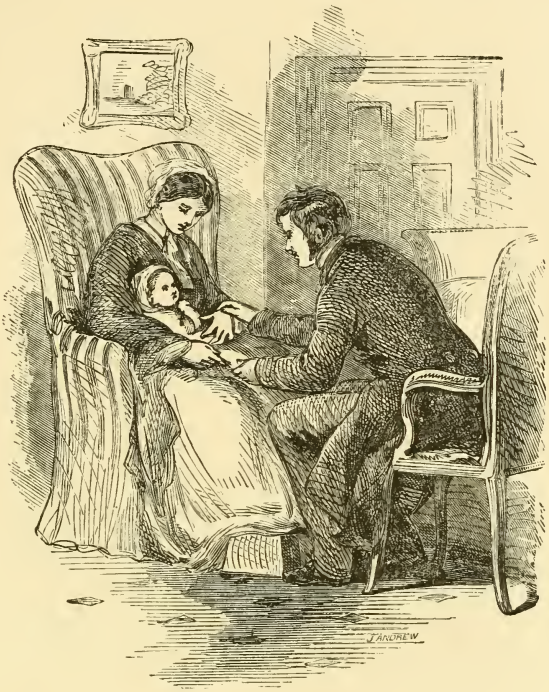
ACTING LIES.

"JANE, go into the store-room closet, and fetch me the large blue jar," said a mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was going to school, and ran to the closet, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought; but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one: so, instead of asking, she slipped the biggest she saw into her pocket, and covered her

pocket over with her shawl, lest her mother should see it. This was an *acted* lie. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple, which proved to be a hard winter apple, unfit to be eaten.

By and by Jane's class in history was called up to recite; and Jane was quite particular about getting her seat behind the stove, rather out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had her history in her hand, with her pencil between the pages of the lesson, and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book; but when the teacher glanced that way, she looked up as innocently as could be.

We have followed Jane through a part of a day, and seen her just as she was, not as she *seemed* to be, to her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her? There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her. Jane, you see, was not a *truthful* child. "But she did not *tell* any lie," some one will say. No, but she *acted* lies; and you see in how many things she deceived in half a day's time. "Little things," perhaps you will say. But it is little things which show what we really are, and which make up the character. There is no habit more dangerous than a habit of deceiving in little things, because so easily fallen into. Let every child who reads this examine her conduct, and see if she is in danger of sliding into it. All deceit is displeasing to God.



THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

"I HAVE shown you," said the mother,
"Many curious things and rare:
Shells from distant islands gathered,
Flowers that bloomed in southern air.

"I have shown you shining jewels,
Which have lighted ocean's caves;
Coral branches, radiant mosses,
Tossed on shore by careles wavess.

"Yet from our fair home in India
I have brought another gem,
Far more precious than the jewels
Of a monarch's diadem.

"See my treasure!" said the mother;
And with love and pride she smiled,
As she drew aside a curtain,
Showing me a sleeping child.

Golden ringlets softly clustered
Round its brow of purest white;
On its lips and cheeks of velvet
Blossomed roses, fresh and bright.

"Oh how beautiful!" I murmured,
As I kissed the rosebud lips;
"Truly does this precious jewel
All your other gems eclipse."

HAVE courage enough to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect your faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

THE HEN AND CHICKS.

We value things very much according to what they cost us. This is the reason, perhaps, why it is so common for parents to regard *their* children as *remarkable*.

Only think, little reader, how much it has *cost* your mother, in time and anxiety, in watching by night and labor by day, to bring you up till now!

No one but a *mother* can know how much. Is it strange, then, that your mother values what has cost her so much? Look at the mother in the picture!

Do you not believe she thinks she has one of the most interesting little girls in the world? And she *is* pretty, isn't she?

And there is another mother in this picture, that no doubt thinks she has three of the prettiest and smartest chicks in the wide world. Hear how she boasts of them in "A nursery song."

"I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bristled away;
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I hear her say, 'The sun never did shine
On any thing like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you please;
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb;
But they do not know what a proud mother I am.
For lambs, nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.
No! no! not though
The kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings! my sweet little things!
Come nestle now cosily under my wings.'
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm."

GEORGE AND HIS MOTHER.

Little George had been very restless at church, and troubled his mother. She had been blaming him; but, as she sat in her room alone, she found that her thoughts, in the house of God, had been engrossed in her worldly cares, and that she should rather blame herself than her child. Just then George opened the door, and said, —

"I have brought you a rose, mamma;" and he held up a beautiful moss-rose, as though he would bid it intercede for him, and soften his mother's feelings. But

he had no need. She passed her arm gently round his waist, and, looking earnestly at him, kissed him.

"I was naughty to-day, mamma; I know I was."

"Yes, my dear, you were. I suppose you find it very difficult, George, to keep your restless little limbs quiet so long?"

"Yes, mamma, on these hot days I do. But you must have been hot too? and will you tell me how it is that you can sit so still, and be so good? You are never restless."

"Why, George, as to sitting still, of course I can do that, because I have acquired the habit; and you must acquire it, too, my dear. The hardest thing is to keep the thoughts quiet; and I acknowledge that I find that very difficult."

"Do you, mamma? Do you really mean that you are ever like me? And what do you do, mamma, to keep your thoughts quiet?"

"I ask God to help me, dear; and I watch more narrowly, the next Sabbath, that I may not be led away again."

"I will do so, too, mamma; and you shall help me: and I will not be surly, as I was to-day."

VICTORY OVER SELF.

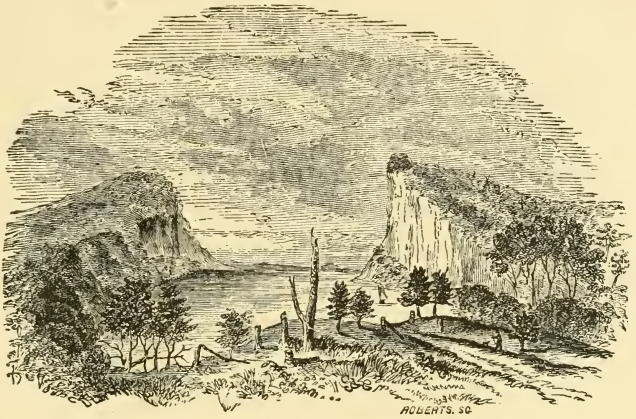
Annie Sumners was in most respects a good, and therefore a happy child; but, like every one else, she had a wicked heart, which often tempted her to be *selfish*, or to wish the best things without regard to either her brother's and sister's comfort, or, what was worse, to father's or mother's. She always took the warmest seat in winter and the coolest in summer; and, when told to move, she obeyed in a sullen,

discontented way, which showed how unwilling she was to *prefer* others to herself.

Now, children, you must not think that Annie never did any thing right. At school, in her class, she was one of the best children; she always answered quickly, and was very attentive, both to her teacher and also to the clergyman who used to read a little sermon to the children every Saturday afternoon. But when you read this story, think if *you* have not some great fault,—if not selfishness, perhaps something worse; and try, with God's Holy Spirit's help, to correct it, as you will presently see Annie tried; and, if you read on, you will see how far she succeeded.

One Sabbath the clergyman read a sermon; and the text was, "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love; in honor prefering one another." He particularly explained to them what was meant by "in honor preferring one another;" that is, not merely loving one another, but also giving up to them our pleasures, or any thing we have better than they; not pushing forward and trying to get the best thing, but waiting till our turn.

Annie was quite struck. God touched her heart; and she thought to herself, "I never prefer others to myself. I love my brothers and sisters, but I never give up any thing to them. O God! touch my hard heart, and make me thy child." From that time Annie was much happier, because she tried to make others happy, and tried not to think of herself.



THE DROP, THE BROOK, THE RIVER, AND THE OCEAN.

Away in yonder mountain glen,
Beyond the range of schoolboy's ken,
A drop of water, sparkling, shone,
Brilliant as gems from either zone.
A rippling rill, that ran that way,
Caught the bright thing, as if at play;
But, ere identity was lost,
The falling drop, so strangely tost,
Exclaimed, "What a catastrophe!
I'm drowned in this immensity!"
The little stream that onward flowed,
In native beauty brightly glowed,
Till, to a mighty river run,
It, bounding in, sighed forth, "Undone!
Who would have thought a brook like me
Could be ingulfed so easily?"

The river murmured its contempt;
But onward still its course was bent,
Through lofty hills of Alpine height.
From strength to strength it rolled in might;
Then flowery meads it traversed through:
But soon an ocean in full view
Opened a scene both new and strange,
In which was left no place for change;
And, without time to think or plan,
Into the vast abyss it ran,
And, mingling with the flood, exclaimed,
"Alas! of all my wealth I'm drained!
My tribute, brought from half a world,
Is now in this wide ocean hurled."

Thus with vain man, the creature of a day,
Swift as a post, Time hurries him away:
His childhood soon is merged in riper years,
And soon old age with furrowed brow appears.
Perchance, *lost moments* he would now deplore:
But time with him is past; probation's o'er;
And, like the river in the ocean drowned,
Eternity's vast ocean doth his soul surround.

MAKING A SNOW-HOUSE.

How many of our readers have witnessed a winter scene like this? We imagine not a few of you, especially the boys, have not only witnessed such a scene, but have yourselves helped to build snow-houses. You first threw up a large pile of snow, and then cut out a door and windows, and hollowed out a snug and warm room, and called it your *snow-house*. And how many hours you passed there, in pleasant recreations, with your brothers, and sisters too!

And did not those winter sports paint roses on your cheeks, and give you a keen appetite? Yes; and sometimes they also gave you aching toes and fingers.

After the hours of diligent study in the schoolroom, we love to see the young engaged in its health-giving exercise. The construction of snow-houses, fortifications, various figures, &c., not only affords a pleasant amusement, but it also exercises the ingenuity. If a boy has a mechanical or any artistical genius, it will appear in such constructions. We know of a young man,— now becoming distinguished as an artist,— who, when a mere lad, one night constructed a huge snow image, which in the morning excited the wonder and admiration of hundreds; and a plaster cast of it was afterwards taken, and is still preserved. It is pleasant when we can make our amusements contribute also to our instruction and improvement.

Many a little girl has made great proficiency in the use of the needle in preparing the numerous dresses for her dolls. In short, she became a well-informed, practical housekeeper, — educated into all the mysteries of the drawing-room, the nursery, the dining-room, and the kitchen. And many a little country-boy, in his play, learns to become a practical farmer or mechanic, and the city-boy a practical merchant or ship-builder.

And sometimes children gain much useful knowledge, as teachers and pupils, when they "play school-keeping."

FLORA AND THE SLATE-PENCIL.

"Be careful and not break it, Flora," the teacher said, as she lent a long, nice, new slate pencil to a little girl, five years old, who sat in the great arm-chair. "Be very careful."

"Yes, ma'am," she said; and her blue eyes sparkled at the thought of having such a long pencil to write with. She meant to be just as careful as she

could be, and carry the pencil back safe at night to the teacher's table.

Flora's teacher loved all her scholars; but Flora sometimes thought that she loved the little girls and boys — the very little ones, who did not know all their letters, and could only spell words of one syllable, "c-a-t, cat," "d-o-g, dog"— best. The reason she thought so was that she never spoke sternly to them as she did to the older children. She made them obey her, without punishing them; and they all seemed to love her very much. Flora thought her very kind and good.

At recess-time, when the other scholars ran out into the yard to play, little Flora came creeping softly to the teacher's chair. The teacher saw that there was an anxious look upon the childish face; so she drew the little girl close to her side, and said kindly, —

"What is it, Flora?"

And Flora answered sadly, —

"I went to take up the pencil just now, and it fell on the floor, and broke right in two."

"Did it?" said the teacher, smiling. "Well, never mind." And Flora, with a lightened heart, ran out to her play.

Flora's teacher did not forget the slate-pencil. She knew after that, that she could trust Flora's word. She thought of her as a brave, honest little girl; and she loved her all the better for being so.

Children never lose any thing by telling the truth.

GATHERING FLOWERS.

"'Tis sweet to feel the cheerful air,
To see the lovely flowers,
To think of Him whose bounteous care
Has clothed this world of ours.

Blest Saviour, while we own thy love,
For present pleasure given,
Oh, fit us all to share above
The holy joy of heaven!"

STOLEN NAIL.

It was the first time Austin had been in a store, and he was much interested in looking at the many things around him. He peeped under the counters, and lifted the covers of every thing in his reach. The store-keeper was so busy he did not notice how he was running about.

Beneath the counter was a cask full of large nails. Little Austin thought it would be nice to have one of these nails to drive into the wall at home to hang his cap upon; so he slyly put one into his pocket. When he reached home, he took it out, and was about to drive it into the wall when his mother inquired where he got it.

"At Mr. D.'s store," he replied.

"Did Mr. D. give it to you?" she asked.

Austin hung his head, for he was conscious he had done wrong in taking the nail.

When his mother learned how he obtained it, she obliged him to carry it back immediately. He returned the nail, confessed his fault, and was forgiven.

He never forgot this little instance; and, as he grew older, if ever he was tempted to appropriate to himself what was another's, the big nail and his mother's words always came to his mind, and saved him from breaking God's command, "Thou shalt not steal."

"GOING AWAY FROM GRANDMOTHER."

Ah, yes; little Georgie! he is going away from his grandmother! See, his trunk is locked and strapped, his little box corded, his cap and gloves thrown beside them; and once more, perhaps for the last time, he sits at his grandmother's knee.

Her kind face wears a sad, earnest look, as she holds the the hand of the dearly loved boy in her trembling grasp. Sister Lily stands near with folded hands. The tears chase one another down her fair cheeks, as she thinks, "What hard times Georgie may have away off to school! and how lonesome it will be for me and grandma!"

Grandma is all the mother they know. She has taken charge of these little ones ever since their own beautiful mamma was laid away to rest beneath the green sod of the village graveyard. She had been a good, kind grandmother to them, had taught them to love God and his holy word. She had made them obedient, kind, and gentle; and no wonder that the old lady's hand trembled when she had to bid Georgie good-by.

"Don't forget us, Georgie," said grandmother. "Think about us a great deal, and always pray for us; and *don't forget yourself*, Georgie. May God bless you and keep you, dear little Georgie! Don't let sinful boys entice you; don't leave off doing right to please anybody."

We trust Georgie will be a good boy, and remember all his grandmother has taught him; and we hope he will not forget himself, as grandmother said.

PLAGUING AND STRIKING.

THESE two things, plaguing and striking, are very apt to go together. If one child strikes another, you will usually find that the other plagued him first.

A gentleman was one day walking in a Western city, when he saw a small boy strike his little sister, and then shake her. The blow was very hard, and it made the little girl cry. Though the man was in great haste, he could not witness such an unbrotherly act without stopping to reprove it. He went to the little boy, whose face was still flushed with anger, and inquired, —

"What made you strike that little girl?"

"Because she is always plaguing me."

"Is she your sister?" — "Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that it is very wicked to strike your sister?"

The boy was silent. The question was then repeated, when he answered as before, —

"She is always plaguing me."

"Well, but the question is, whether it is *right* for you to strike her?" He then answered, "No."

"Now," said the gentleman, "I want to know whether you go to the Sabbath school?" We all anticipate his answer, — "No."

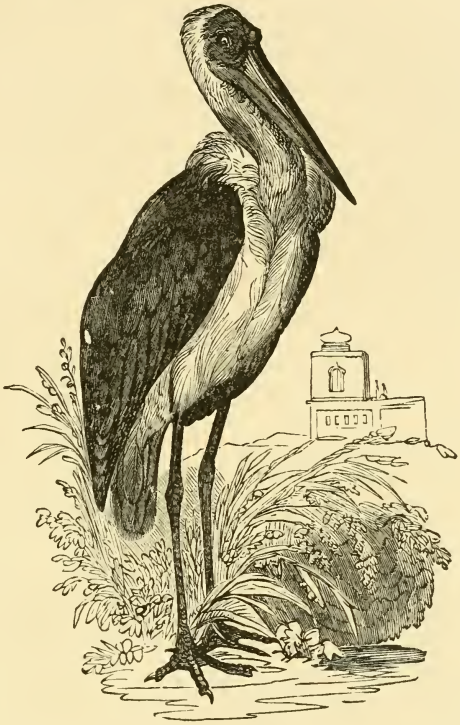
"Well, will you go next Sabbath?"

"I don't know where to find one."

He was directed where he could find a good Sabbath school. He seemed grateful for the information, and promised to go, without fail, the next Sabbath, and take his little sister that he had been striking and shaking, with him.

If they go very long to the Sabbath school, that little boy will surely break off the habit of *striking* his sister, and she the habit of *plaguing* her brother.

We hope all the little sisters who read this — and the big sisters too — will see to it that there is no plaguing and teasing, to tempt their brothers, small or large, to do such an unbrotherly thing as to strike or shake them. And let brothers and sisters both remember what the Bible says about him that *hateth his brother*.



THE STORK.

The stork is common in many parts of Europe, to which it migrates yearly from its winter quarters in Africa. It is much valued in many countries on account of the service it renders in destroying noisome reptiles and unpleasant offal. The stork is a very docile bird, and soon learns to follow its feeder for any dainty morsel. When it is hungry it crouches on the ground, and seems to *solicit* food by its gestures, such as nodding its head and flapping its pinions. It

is a very mild and peaceable bird, seldom or never making use of its great bill offensively against its companions.

The stork is a great favorite in Holland, and is found most useful in eating up the frogs, lizards, and toads which abound in the marshes; and the people are so fond of the storks that they become quite familar and tame, and build their nests on the chimneys and roofs of the houses. The Dutch say, "A stork never builds on a bad man's house;" therefore it is a protection to a house if a stork comes and builds its nest, as no one would injure one of these favorite birds. It is said that when the parent birds grow so old as to be bare of feathers, and unable to fly and provide food for themselves, the young ones will bring it to them, and nestle close to them to keep them warm, and protect them. What a lesson of filial love!

The stork is spoken of in the Scriptures: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." —Jer. viii. 7.

BE KIND.

To think kindly of each other is well.
To speak kindly of each other is better.
To act kindly to each other is best of all.

VISIT TO PAPA'S GRAVE.

How many poor children, like little Emma in the picture, have a dear father or mother sleeping in the silence of the grave! It is sad to see these little ones, as they visit that sacred spot, and drop their tears over the precious dust of the departed.

"There, Miss Johnson, is papa's grave. They buried him here last autumn."

"Who planted these flowers around it, Emma?" inquired her teacher.

"Brother Samuel and I. We love to come here and water them, so that they may ever look bright and fair over dear papa's grave. And, when we come here, we always talk of things we remembered about

dear papa; and especially what he told us, just before he died, about being good, and meeting him in heaven."

"Do you remember, Emma, those beautiful words in the Bible to comfort orphan children?"

"Yes, Miss Johnson. 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

We hope all our readers who are orphans can say that; and that all, like Emma and her brother Samuel, will talk a great deal about meeting their parents in heaven.

THE USEFUL NEEDLE.

"How little notice is ever taken of you in the world!" said a Pin to a Needle. "You are always about your work, slipping in and out so softly, but never stopping to be praised. When a pretty dress is finished, who thinks of the Needle that sewed it? Even the holes which you make are so small that they close up directly behind you."

"I'm content to be useful," said the Needle; "I do not ask to be praised. I do not remain in my work, it is true; but I leave behind me a thread, which shows that my course has not been in vain."

Moral. — So let us quietly pass through life, doing our duty as we go, remembered for some good work left behind, when we ourselves have departed.

LISTENER REWARDED.

Miss Jane is a member of a young ladies' seminary. She is a dull scholar, but is very vain and self-conceited.

These two young gentlemen are students from college, who have come here to attend the exercises of a public examination. They are now in one of the rooms, looking at the specimens of maps, drawings, &c.; and Miss Jane is conceited enough to suppose

that *her* drawing has special merits, and she has stolen by for the purpose of hearing their commendations. But, to her great disappointment and chagrin, instead of any special commendation, she finds them making themselves merry over it. Look at their faces as they criticise it, and point out its many defects!

Poor Jane finds the proverb is true, that "listeners hear no good of themselves." No, children; never seek in this way to obtain compliments, or to overhear praise from others. Those who most *deserve* praise are not the ones to seek for it in the foolish way Jane has sought for it.

FLOWERS.

THE flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell;
And oh, how beautiful they are!
How sweetly, too, they smell!

The little birds, they spring along,
And look so glad and gay:
I love to hear their pleasant song;
I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat, and frisk about;
The bees hum round their hives;
The butterflies are coming out:
'Tis good to be alive.

SMALL MERCIES.

I WENT the other day to see a very old lady: she was eighty-eight years old. She lived in a small room, all by herself; and she had a small fire, and small kettle, and a small pantry, and a little round table, and a little teapot, and, best of all, a little great-grandchild, who came to wait on her and read to her.

Every thing about the old lady was on a small scale, to suit her small strength and her small income.

She was very glad to see me when I called. I asked her, —

"Are you not lonely sometimes, when the little girl goes to school?"

"Oh, no!" she answered, in a cheerful tone, "the Lord Jesus is always with me, and he is the best of company, you know."

"I suppose you think a great deal of old times, long ago?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered; "but I think a great deal more of those good times to *come*."

"You have many mercies," I said; "goodness and mercy seem to crown your days."

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed; "and I count it one of my great mercies that I can *turn over in my bed*."

Oh! I thought to myself, how easy it is for the thankful heart to find reasons for thankfulness!

TO JUVENILE SMOKERS.

The late and good Canon Stowell, of Manchester, said, "It is frightful to think what a canker is eating into the vitals of the nation, blighting its young men, squandering its resources, undermining its health, and depraving its morals."

SNOW-BALLING.

George and Mary and Dick are having a fine time in this exciting winter amusement. Mary seems to have routed her brother, and driven him from his strong position upon the broad ledge into the deep snow. Dick has followed his young master, and is half buried up; but he does not look much concerned about it. Indeed, he enters into this good-natured battle with as much earnestness as either of the party. Although he can not *fire* a snow-ball at Mary, he can cheer and encourage George.

How this scene recalls the amusements of *our* young days! Who does not remember the excite-

ments of snow-balling? And who does not recall the aching hands and the glowing cheeks connected with it? The crimson of the cheeks was not always the result of the exhilarating exercise or the cold; but it was sometimes the result of the *smart hit* of a snow-ball.

How that would make the cheek tingle, and soon exhibit a richer tint than the brush and vermilion ever gave!

The chief *danger* of this winter amusement arises from the fact, that such a *tingle* sometimes flushes the other cheek with *passion*. But all boys, and girls too, should learn to control their tempers at such a time. They should remember the moral in the fable of the Fox and the Stork, and "never give a joke unless they are able to take one." In playing, accidents and little injuries are always liable to occur; and no one should ever indulge in play, unless he is prepared to meet these without anger. And a hard hit in snow-balling (when given *fairly*) gives a good opportunity to see whether one has a *good* temper, or whether he has schooled himself to control it. So that, in work or play or study, there are always good lessons that we can learn.

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

Did you ever see an India-rubber face, children? And did you ever amuse yourselves with pinching it one way, and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? When you cease pulling and pinching it, it returns to the same face it was before.

Now your little faces are softer than India-rubber,

and are full of little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way, and pull them another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad; and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression, and we know, by looking at you, just how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry; and the little muscles pull your faces into smiles and dimples.

But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls; and, oh, what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute! See the face of this rogue of a boy, who has been unkind to his little sister, and made her cry. Pride pulls the strings, or vanity or envy or discontent or deceit; and each brings its own expression over the face.

The worst of it is, when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before; but the muscles harden, and retain that ugly expression. By indulging in evil passions, people may work their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes when you meet a man in the street you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces, that everybody will love to look at? Then don't let the ugly passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of love and charity and goodwill and truth and honesty, and then they will be beautiful faces.

HONEST AND DISHONEST YOUTH.

THERE was, some years ago, in a village in Yorkshire, England, a boy named Frank. Being left without parents, property, or friends, his attention was early turned to the means of obtaining a living. As no opening appeared for him in his native county, he went to London, where country youths are often corrupted by evil communications.

The first situation which he obtained was that of a waiter in a public-house, where he had many temptations. The principal business of the house was during the night. One morning he found a pocket-book, containing money to a considerable amount, which had been lost by one of the customers, who, it seems, spent the remaining part of the night in bad company.

On his next visit, the customer mentioned to the

waiter what had happened, intimating, that, from the company in which he had spent the night, he had not the smallest hope of recovering his money. Frank, with the smile of honest pleasure on his countenance, suddenly pulled out of his pocket the lost article, which the owner eagerly took and examined, when all its contents were found safe.

This manifest proof of uprightness so much interested this person in behalf of the waiter, that he immediately offered to procure him a better and more agreeable situation. In the course of years, by sobriety and diligence, he saved a handsome fortune, and lived for many years in honor and credit.

While this example illustrates the maxim that "honesty is the best policy," mark the consequences of the opposite conduct in the following case.

Many years ago a man was executed for burglary. He said his first step to ruin was taking money out of his mother's pocket while she was asleep. From this sin he was led, by small but fatal degrees, to the crimes for which he was soon to suffer a shameful death.

BE DOVE-LIKE.

Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. — *Eph.* iv. 32.

King David, the Psalmist, says, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" — *Ps.* cxxxiii. 1.

I must kind and gentle be,
If I would my Father please;
For I know he loves to see
Children bearing fruits like these.

Nothing selfish or unkind
Can before my Father come:
I must have his children's mind,
If I seek his children's home.

No more angry thoughts or rude
Are allowed to enter there:
We shall seek each other's good,
And each other's pleasure share.

When these evil thoughts I feel,—
As, alas! I often do,—
Lord, thy tender love reveal:
Surely thou wilt conquer so.

GOD'S LOVE.

THERE's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But, in its use or beauty, shows
God's love to us, and love undying!

KINDNESS.

Be kind to the creatures, for God made them all,
And places them under your care;
And he says, in his Word, not a sparrow can fall
Who has not in his notice a share.

Be kind to poor Carlo or Juno or Dash:
See how he is waiting for you!
How he gambols and frisks at your side as you walk!
Love your dog: he is faithful and true.

Be kind to poor pussy, and give her a place
On the mat, or the hearthrug so neat;
And do not let any one harass or tease,
Or shackle her soft velvet feet.

Be kind to your pony, who carries you safe
All over the hills far away:
If possible spare him the use of the whip,
And teach him in love to obey.

Be kind to your pets, those innocent things,
For many from home are exiled,—
Java sparrows, macaws, and the gay cockatoo,
Who oft a sad hour have beguiled.

Do these things, they are right, but never forget
There are duties more binding than these:
Bestow not on them what the poor of the flock
May want for their comfort or ease.

Be kind to the poor, for your Master and Lord
Chose their lowly estate for his own;
And many among them will, at the last day,
Be exalted to share in his throne.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Lucy," said a friend one day to a little girl who was laid on a sick bed, "would you not like to be well, and again at play?"

"Lucy thought for a moment, and then said, "God knows best; and what *he* thinks best pleases *me* best."

THE LOVING AND THE LOVED.

What an amiable and loving little miss we have here. She seems to be on an errand of love, with a basket of little comforts, to a poor woman. As she makes her way through the forest, among trees and flowers and birds, barefooted, in all the simplicity and freedom of county life, is she not lovely? And is she not *loving?* With folded hands, how lovingly she gazes on all the beautiful works of the Creator around her! There are pleasing thoughts in her mind, and peaceful emotions in her bosom. And is she not *loved*

too? Why, the very birds and wild flowers of the wood are expressing, the best way they can, their love for her. Those little songsters — one at her side, and the other flying around her head — are cheering her with their notes, and filling the forests with songs to her praise; while the very flowers at her feet almost seem to *nod* their kind "Good-morning, little friend," as she passes.

NEVER SAY "NO" WHEN YOU MEAN "YES."

Two little girls, whom we will name Annie and Lucy, once called upon a pious lady, Mrs. Elizabath Fry. After they had sat a little while with her, she reached from the sideboard a plate of cake, kindly saying to Lucy, "Wouldst thou like a piece of cake?"

Lucy, like some other little boys and girls, gave way to a foolish feeling sometimes called shyness; and, although she would have liked a piece, said "No, thank you." The lady then asked Annie, who at once said, "Yes, ma'am, if you please." Whereupon she gave her a piece, and, turning to Lucy, said, "Wouldst thou like a piece now?" Lucy had become bold by Annie's example, and said she would. "Ah, but," replied Mrs. Fry, "thou hast told an untruth; thou must not have a piece."

THANK GOD FOR FLOWERS.

DELIGHTFUL flowers! What words can paint
The garden's glowing prime?
Beauty and fragrance sweetly blend
In summer's radiant time.

When Autumn comes with shortening days,
Or e'en when Winter lowers,
Still Flora on her brow displays
A coronal of flowers.

When bursts the Spring in robes of green,
They ope their gentle eyes,
Gemmed with the dews of heaven serene,
And smile with glad surprise.

The wayside wanderer stoops to press
The flowers beneath his feet;
The simple daisies children bless
In many a green retreat.

Surely if aught on earth may be
Shadows of things above,
In blooming flowers we emblems see
Of heavenly bliss and love.

BRIGHT HEAVEN.

Heaven is a home of light and love;
Heaven is joy and peace above;
Heaven has mansions fair and bright,
Dwellings of angels, robed in white.

There are gates of pearl; no tears, no strife;
There is a tree of healing life;
A river of water, on whose banks
Walk the redeemed, and give God thanks.

There is a crystal sea, and strains untold
From spirits harping on harps of gold;
There are golden streets, and wondrous light:
O beautiful heaven! so bright, so bright!

ALL GOT WORK TO DO.

A CHILD went wandering through a wood
  Upon a summer day:
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
  To join her in her play.

The cloudless sky above was blue;
  The grass beneath was green;
And all around were lovely flowers,
  The brightest ever seen.

A humming bee went humming by,—
"Stay, little bee," she cried;
"Oh! do come back and play with me."
And thus the bee replied,—

"I can not stay; I must away,
And gather in my store;
For winter drear will soon be here,
When I can work no more."

She heard a pigeon cooing soft,
High in a bough above,—
"Come down, and play a while with me,
My pretty, gentle dove."

"I can not come, and play with thee;
For I must guard my nest,
And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beach tree,—
"I love to see you bound and leap:
Come down, and play with me."

"I dare not play: I must away,
And quickly homeward hie;
Were I to stay, my little ones
For want of food must die."

She came unto a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks,—
"Stay, pretty stream, and play with me,
And you shall have my thanks."

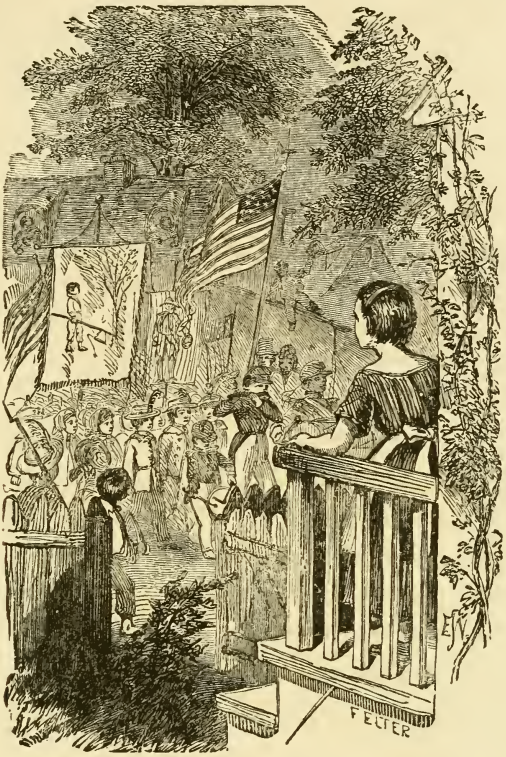
The stream replied, while in the pool
A moment it stood still,
"I can not play: I must away,
And drive the village mill."

The child sat down upon a stone,
And hung her little head.
She wept a while, and sobbed a while,
Then to herself she said,—

"The stream, the squirrel, dove, and bee
Have all got work to do:
I must not play my hours away;
I must be busy too."

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

THERE was once a little boy, who heard one Sunday a clergyman preach. The text which the clergyman read was, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you." After reading the text, he stopped a minute, and asked his hearers to consider what it was they should like most, and then to ask for it in Jesus' name, trusting to his promise that it would be given to them. At the end of the service, the little boy asked his aunt if she had asked for any thing: then she asked him what he had asked God to give him; and he said, "I thought first of one thing I should like, and then another, but I did not know which would be best to ask, and so I said, 'Father, thy will be done.'"



A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

A LITTLE boy lived in the town of N——. His name was Freddy ——. His parents felt how necessary it was that he should grow up a pure and honest boy.

One day they heard some boys with whom he was playing swear. His mother called him to the house, and told him if those boys should swear any more he could not play with them. He went out, and told

them what his mother had said. They did not wish to lose Freddy; so they came into the house, and told his mother they were going to swear no more. By and by other boys came in; but Freddy would not allow them to play unless they promised not to use bad words.

A holiday was coming; and Freddy got his little boys together, and formed a military company. His father gave him a flag, with these words written thereon, "Little boys who do not swear."

The people were surprised to see this little company; and some praised, and others jeered at them. At the door of a hotel stood a young man who had great influence among his fellows. He read the inscription with thoughtfulness, and resolved not to swear any more, and to see how many of his fellows he could get to do the same.

Try, my young reader, if you can not accomplish as great results.

ONE GOD.

A LITTLE boy asked his mother how many gods there were. A younger brother answered, "Why, one, to be sure." "But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," answered the younger, "God fills every place; so there is no room for any other."